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NEW YORK OF TO-DAY





NEW YORK OF TODAY

BY
HENRY COLLEGE BROWN

THE
NEW YORK OF TODAY



NEW YORK
THE NEW YORK PRESS

121 N. 4TH ST. N. Y. C.
1917

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MACDOUGAL ALLEY IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY AND HER ARTIST FRIENDS HOLD A FESTA FOR THE
BENEFIT OF THE RED CROSS

BENEFIT OF THE RED CROSS
MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY AND HER ARTIST FRIENDS HOLD A FESTA FOR THE

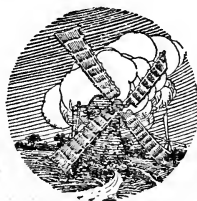
MACDOUGAL ALLEY IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

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NEW YORK OF TO-DAY

BY
HENRY COLLINS BROWN

Editor of
Valentine's Manual

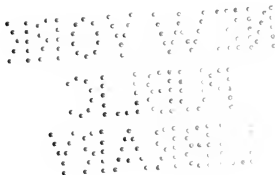


New York
THE OLD COLONY PRESS

15-17 East 40th Street
Anderson Galleries Building

1917

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TO THE STRANGER
WITHIN OUR GATES—



THE
LAW
OF
THE
STATE

OF
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NEW YORK OF TO-DAY

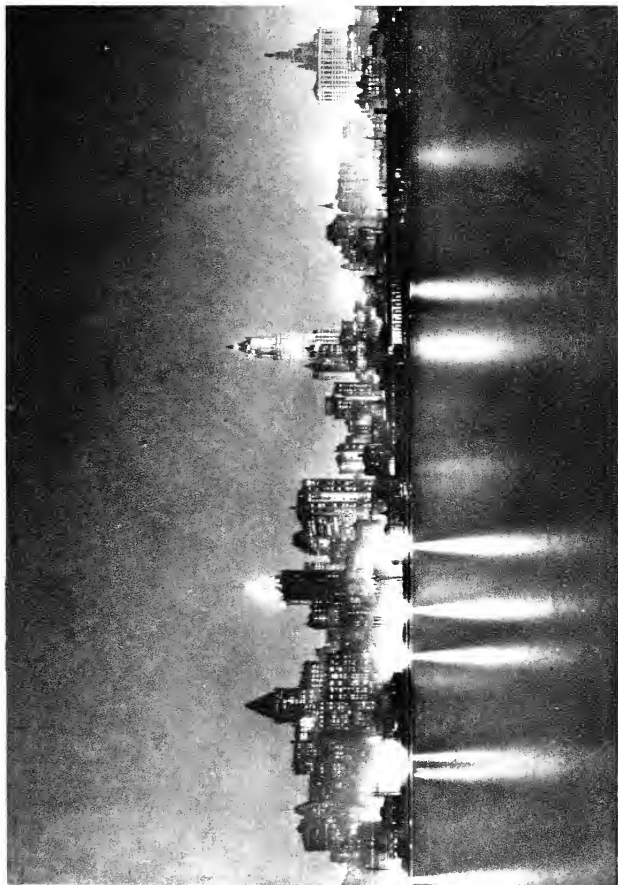
CHAPTER I

THE CITY ITSELF

GREAT centres of population possess for many persons a curious and fascinating interest. Why one particular hamlet should wax and grow strong while others remain stationary or retrograde is not always easily explained. Compared with the capitals of the Old World, New York is still but an infant in arms. The directories of London and Paris stretch back almost five hundred years. The beginning of Rome, of Athens, of Alexandria, of Vienna are lost in the shadow lands of antiquity while the city of New York as we know it to-day dates only from 1784, a trifle more than a hundred years. A growth so tremendous, so unexampled in the history of

civilization is in itself of such dramatic interest as to challenge the wonderment and arrest the attention, not only of historians, but also of the man in the street. It is to a consideration therefore of its present position and its alluring future, that we invite your attention. And for the moment, we shall address ourselves not to the student or the antiquarian, but to the stranger within our gates and to our own people—many of whom have not even yet seen the Woolworth Building and only know by rumor that there is such a house as the Jumel Mansion.

This indifference to the history of his home town does not indicate a lack of affection on the part of the New Yorker. It is, however, frequently made a subject of reproach. But when one has lived here for some years and experienced conditions in the Metropolis as they actually exist the matter is more easily understood. It must be borne in mind that enough new residents come to New York in the course of five years to make another city the size of Boston or Cleveland. This process is continuous, and there always exists a large number of our people to whom the question of permanency is not yet an established fact and whose interest in the traditions of our glorious past has naturally not yet been aroused. In this respect, however, there has been a notable improvement of late. Books on New York are of better quality and more widely read, and pictures of her imposing public and private buildings and her towering skyscrapers are familiar in all parts of the world. Relics of bygone days in the nature of old prints, rare books, etc., are in constant demand at in-



Night view from the East River—New York's electric blaze.



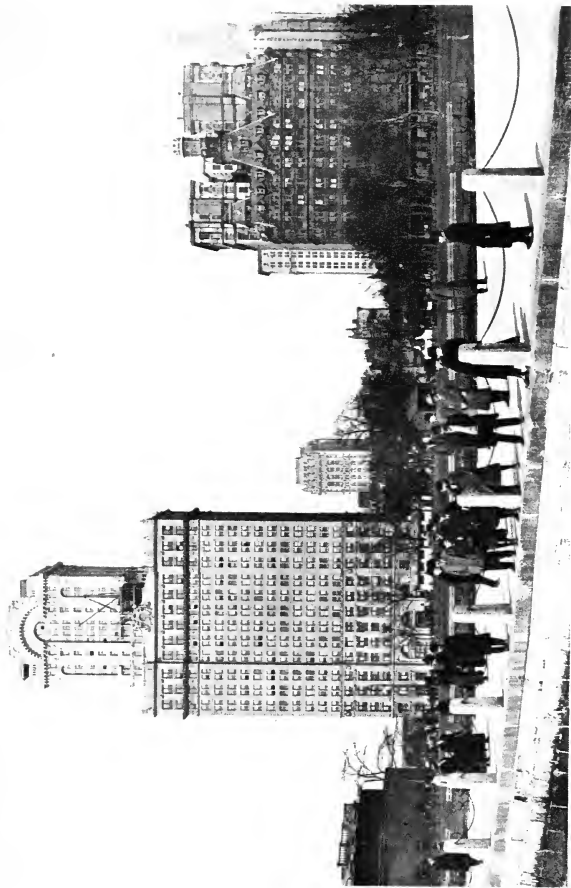
creasingly high prices, and this evidence of a quickening interest in all things pertaining to her history is unmistakable.

It is, however, the spectacular and blatant aspect of our city which seems to make an irresistible appeal to that group of society novelists and guide-book historians whose works are among our best-sellers. They unduly emphasize the seamy side of our great city—the tango parlors, Chinatown, the East Side and other banal features. This school of literature is merely a development of the time when the Rev. Dr. Bonehead spent a two weeks' vacation in the city and returned to write a weird and bulky volume entitled "Sunshine and Shadow; or, Life in the Great Metropolis," wherein every innocent little waitress was pictured as a vampire of the most malignant type and the whole city as a modern Sodom and Gomorrah. Not a word about its magnificent public school system, its wonderful charities, or the utter absence of that abject poverty which is the scourge and shame of Europe!

"That New York has accepted without protest her rôle as Siren City cannot be denied," remarks one gifted writer. "Indeed, she rather expects writers and dramatists to portray the dangers which lurk within her bosom for the pure young men and women from the country. Boston and Philadelphia are not free from evil, Heaven knows, but there is something faintly ridiculous in the idea of their luring a man to destruction." And so the great mass of literature produced outside of the city for rural consumption must necessarily feature this phase of city life or be forever eschewed by its bucolic constituency.

Nevertheless, there is so much that is attractive, so much that is uplifting and inspiring, that it is a matter of regret to the real New Yorker that such misinformation and drivel is so generally distributed. There is also much, no doubt, over which a veil could be drawn. But that is inevitable in a city so large. The unbiased chronicler of Manhattan, nevertheless, has a vast storehouse of facts from which to draw, and needs no help from his imagination.

I will assume at the outset that my readers have passed beyond the undergraduate stage and no essay on the early details of discovery and occupation is necessary. Such rough strokes as may be introduced of an historical nature from time to time will be for the purpose of supplying the necessary background for the scenes described. Certain characteristics of the present day—its many tongues and races—have existed from its very inception. We know that New York was hemmed in on all sides by English neighbors and that in New England especially, with the exception of one hundred and fifty families from France in 1685, there was no emigration from any non-English-speaking country for nearly one hundred and fifty years. The same condition practically existed to the south also, Pennsylvania, Virginia, etc.—yet the moment you passed from the mainland to Manhattan you encountered a small settlement in which no less than sixteen different tongues were spoken and in which as early as 1653 it was necessary to print town notices in three other languages besides English. And the population of New York was then less than fifteen hundred, of which a third were slaves. This curious



Sea Wall at Battery Park.
Whitehall and Washington Buildings in background. Broadway begins at extreme right.



and radical difference from its neighbors cannot be ascribed to the influence of its first Dutch settlers, as this characteristic was continued when the English took possession and has become more pronounced, if anything, under our American dispensation. One might well venture the assertion that there is not a tongue known to civilization—and even beyond—that is not heard at some time or other on the sidewalks of New York.

Certain other curious traits of these early days have also come down to us. We call the Hudson River the North River, although every one knows that it lies directly west; and the body of water lying between New York and Brooklyn is called the East River, although it is not a river at all, but an arm of the sea. Both of these errors are inherited from the Dutch, who spoke of Hudson's river as forming the north boundary of their possessions and the Delaware River as the south boundary—or South River. With this for a precedent it was quite natural to name the water on the east side of the city according to its geographical position. In this connection it is pleasant to know that in some fortunate though unquestionably peculiar manner the name of the man who is most prominently identified with the discovery of New York has been perpetuated by the lordly stream which guards us on the west. Earlier navigators had reported the discovery of waters that were subsequently identified as the Hudson River, and gave the name *Riviere Grande* or Great River to the stream. Other ancient maps indicate that it was also named *Norumbega*. The former name, however, survived long after *Norumbega* dis-

appeared, and longer still after Hudson's time. It was changed to Mauritse in honor of the Dutch Prince Henry of Nassau. This might have robbed Hudson of much of the glory that was his but for one of those curious happenings for which no one can exactly account. By common usage Hudson's name gradually became the popular name for this great river and finally passed into history.

"Hudson," as John Fiske tells us, "was a notable instance of the irony of human destiny. He comes into our view on the quarter deck of a little shallop of scarcely ninety tons burden. He goes out of it in an open boat with seven sick sailors cast adrift in the Arctic seas to perish miserably, the victim of a cruel mutiny. In all that he attempted he failed; yet he achieved great results that were not contemplated in his original plans. He started two immense industries—the Spitzbergen whale fisheries and the Hudson Bay fur trade, now the world renowned Hudson Bay Company; and he brought the Dutch to Manhattan Island. No realization of his dreams, however, could have approached the astonishing reality which would have greeted him could he have looked through the coming centuries and caught a glimpse of what the voyager now beholds in sailing up the bay of New York.

"But what perhaps would have surprised him most of all would have been to learn that his name was to become part of the folk lore of the beautiful river to which it is attached; that he was to figure as a Dutchman instead of an Englishman in both legend and story; that when it is thunder weather in the Catskills children would say it is Hendrik



New York Bay - Governor's Island; Erie Basin, Brooklyn; Statue of Liberty and Staten Island in the distance; Singer Building in foreground.

AP Photo/News

Hudson playing at skittles with his goblin crew. Perhaps it is not an unkindly fate. Even as Milton wished for his dead friend Lycidas that he might become the genius of the shore, so the memory of the great Arctic navigator will remain a familiar presence among the hillsides which the gentle fancy of Washington Irving has clothed with undying romance."

This great river has had such an important part in the development of New York as a commercial port that it fully warrants a more extended description. Already a noble state park occupies one of its most entrancing regions—the Palisades. New Yorkers do not quite realize the wonderful grandeur of its scenery, else the river trip would rival Coney Island in popularity—which it fails to do. The stranger, however, will never regret the day spent in a sail up this majestic river, and will be amply repaid for the time and trouble expended. Wonderful steamers make the trip twice daily in the season.

Not only is our city of comparatively recent growth, but the records of its early days are singularly full and complete. This applies not only to its documentary records, but also and more particularly to its pictorial records. It is an inestimable privilege to see what we know is an exact and contemporary drawing of what our city looked like from the beginning. In one respect at least its original settlement by a private corporation was of exceeding value from an historic point of view. The Dutch West India Company, under whose charter the city was established, left nothing to the discretion of its subordinates. Minute instructions concerning the most trivial details were received

by every packet ship. Full directions regarding the construction of the first fort and the location of the surrounding houses accompanied Peter Minuit on his voyage of settlement.

The island was purchased from the Indians for some trinkets, valued at \$24, and the fort was erected on the site of the present Custom House, facing Bowling Green. At this time the island ended there. The streets to South Ferry and Battery Park have since been added. The same is true of both the east and west sides of the downtown section. Pearl Street marked the extreme shore on the east and Greenwich Street on the west. A stockade or wall bounded the city on the north where Wall Street now is—hence the name of the most famous thoroughfare in the world. It stood for half a century and to a certain extent dwarfed the growth of the town. When this obstacle was finally removed a rapid development to the north ensued, which has continued ever since.

At No. 52 Broadway, below Wall Street, stood until recently the first skyscraper erected in New York (1884). It was only eight stories high, but it demonstrated the feasibility of skeleton construction and caused Manhattan to develop up into the air instead of along the ground. The height of such buildings seems only to be limited by the owner's desire, so far as safety is concerned. The Woolworth Building is about eight hundred feet above ground, and the Metropolitan Tower is scarcely a hundred feet less. Within the past year, however, certain laws have been passed limiting the height of these buildings to a more reasonable altitude, and in certain zones the character and

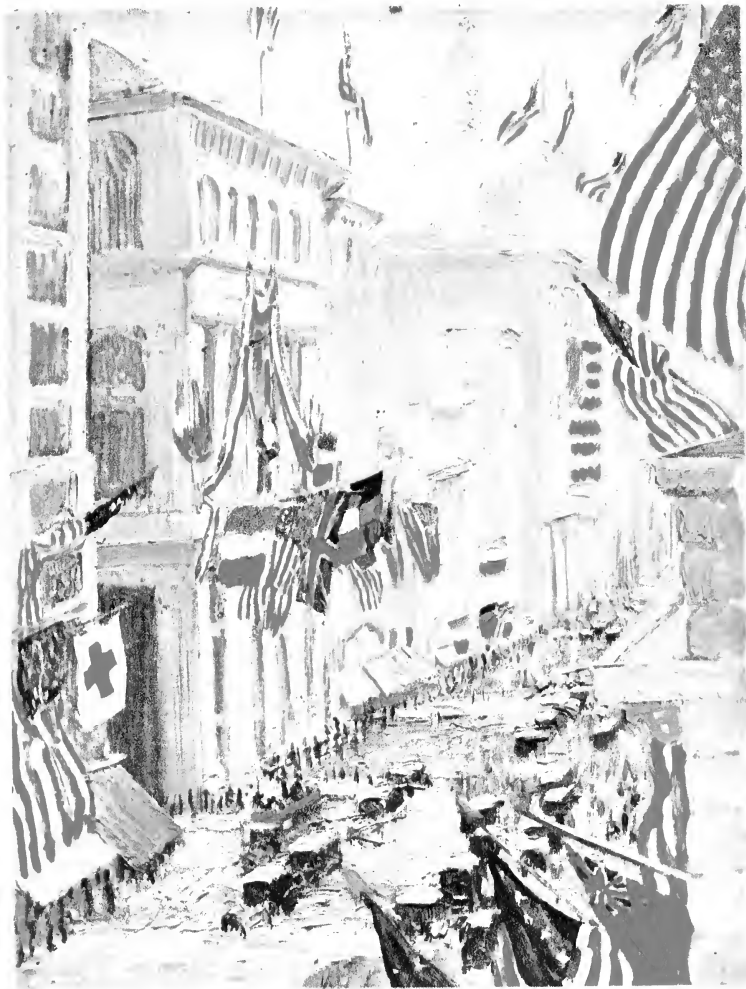


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WALL STREET—LOOKING TOWARD TRINITY CHURCH—1917

**GREAT PATRIOTIC DEMONSTRATION UPON THE ENTRY OF OUR COUNTRY INTO THE EURO-
PEAN CONFLICT**

BEAN CONFLICT
GREAT PATRIOTIC DEMONSTRATION UPON THE ENTRY OF OUR COUNTRY INTO THE EURO
WALL STREET—LOOKING TOWARD TRINITY CHURCH—1917
Printed by Alice Heath for "New York of Today"—Copyright 1917



purpose of the building are also defined by law. This ensures a more harmonious development of the city as a whole and provides a definite plan for its future expansion. Certain sections are now reserved for retailing, others for manufacturing, and still others for wholesale business.

The great number of persons employed in the cloak and suit trade first called attention to the necessity for some such regulation. These firms moved uptown to be close to their principal customers, the retailers. As most of the latter are on Fifth Avenue and other nearby thoroughfares, the noontime promenade of these factory workers—who seemed determined to walk six abreast—produced a congestion on the sidewalks that was very disagreeable to the shopper. The seriousness of the situation threatened the very existence of Fifth Avenue as a high-class retail centre and brought about the much-needed reform. All classes have benefited by the change, and New York as a city and a place of residence has been vastly improved.

It is quite impossible for the visitor who comes to New York for the first time to appreciate just what strain is placed upon the transportation facilities during what we call our rush hours. Unlike the ordinary American city, New York is thirteen miles long, north and south, and in the downtown section only a trifle over a mile wide. Although the population of the island is officially given at five and a half millions, that number is vastly increased by the population of the surrounding territory, which pours into the city during business hours. There are now five immense bridges crossing the East River, besides a subway to Queens and Brook-

lyn. Communication with New Jersey on the west is afforded by numerous ferryboats and an underground railway, which runs through a tube similar to the one which connects Brooklyn.

The latter borough has a population of its own amounting to nearly two million people. It is quite impossible to describe adequately the scene enacted at the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge each morning and evening. It would seem that the entire city had come over, and was bent on returning all at the same moment. Many suggestions looking toward a solution of this terrific congestion have been offered, but none has as yet proved practical. The handling of this enormous crowd by the bridge trains is something the like of which is seen nowhere else in the world. Ten times the number of persons engaged in the present European war are thus moved to and fro in New York each year, and with far fewer accidents than happen on the streets every month. It is truly a marvel in transportation.

If you are fond of crowds, and are not satisfied with the numbers encountered at the bridge or the subways during the rush hours, you might try the Saturday afternoon theatre crowds in the neighborhood of Forty-second Street and Broadway. They may not be quite so numerous, but, unlike the bridge crowds, they do not all go in the same direction, nor are they so hurried. The resulting discomfort is accordingly greater. But as one of the sights of the city it is worth seeing. About three hundred thousand persons are crowded within the narrow confines of a few short blocks. Within a few minutes they are swallowed up in the various

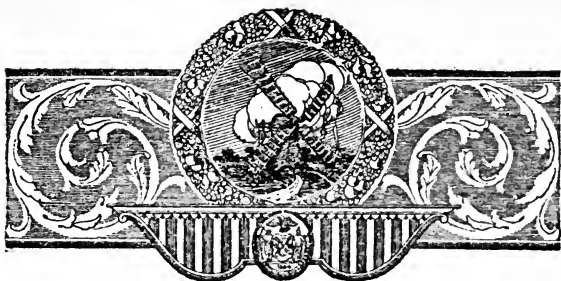


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Looking north from Trinity Church on Broadway.

places of amusement, and the streets resume their normal aspect again.

In the evening the transition is distinctly noticeable, as there are fewer persons about at that hour to take the place of the theatre crowds when they disappear. It can hardly be said that there is a time when no one is about in New York. Perhaps between one and two A. M. might be the hour that fewest will be seen. Soon after that hour the night workers appear, printers, newspaper men, office caretakers, etc.—a considerable item in the city's population—and from then till about six o'clock, when the regular business of the day begins, there is no cessation. Real estate men have a curious custom of counting the people who pass by a certain corner in the course of twenty-four hours. Some of them have quite a respectable average, and except in certain sections uptown there are few who have none to their credit.



CHAPTER II

BROADWAY

THE MAIN STREET IN OUR VILLAGE

OF ALL the streets which are dear to New Yorkers we may without fear of protest place Broadway at the head. With all its faults, with its miles of plank roads (at present), its generally overcrowded condition and its intolerable hustle and bustle, there is something about our main thoroughfare that makes us calmly tolerant of its shortcomings. Every once in a while some stranger comes to town and calls it an architectural monstrosity—and we give his remarks large space in the papers. Then we go to the theatre and George Cohan says, "Give my regards to old Broadway," and we applaud like demons. Then another man who has just skidded over the wet boards alongside a Catskill water open-



BY TOWN PHOTOGRAPHY

A little bit of old New York between Greenwich Street and Trinity Place, almost hidden by the massive buildings of downtown New York.

ing in Herald Square, or elsewhere, vents his disgust by saying, "Let's cut this jay town; I want a real city—take me back to Chi——" and so it goes. The spirit is

"Boston has her Garden, Philly has her Zoo,
New York has her Broadway—it's good
enough for you.

This wild, unreasoning, unmistakable pride in Broadway may not be comprehensible; it depends upon the point of view. We have Fifth Avenue, Riverside Drive, Central Park, Morningside Heights and a dozen other localities far surpassing Broadway in mere physical charm, but the New Yorker refuses to take them to his heart in the way he does Broadway. He does not, however, insist that you shall see it as he does. A smile of tender compassion is about all you can get out of a New Yorker in reply to a denunciation of his main street. Never a peddler emigrant selling shoe-strings under the shadow of St. Paul's but hopes some day to have his name on a big sign on Broadway, and who shall say that this is wrong—or that it does not account for the interminable string of foreign names on Broadway from Canal to Fourteenth Street? New York is cosmopolitan and denies neither Jew nor Gentile the right to the reward of his genius, and "a place in the sun" of Broadway is no mean ambition.

In half a dozen miles it changes its character as many times. It is a hundred and fifty miles long, all told. The oldest skyscraper—the Washington Building—marks its start at the Battery. They

say the old tenants of this building never move in spite of lavish inducements. It was built by the late Cyrus Field and for many years was called by his name. A block of old-fashioned houses adjoins it on the north, including the first hotel owned by Paran Stevens, the Stevens House, and the first Broadway location of Delmonico's. The new subway will cause the removal of these landmarks. The massive Bowling Green Building, owned by the Goulds, comes next in order, and almost directly across the street is that Holy of Holies, the Standard Oil Building, at No. 26. Whole chapters could be written about this one building, perhaps the best known, certainly the most talked of, on Broadway. As a practical demonstration in the gentle art of making money No. 26 Broadway is surely entitled to all the plaudits it receives.

Notwithstanding the dislike of the family for public notoriety, it remains a fact that young John D. frequently, in fact almost daily, weather permitting, drives to his office in a light gig drawn by two spirited horses. He is probably the most conspicuous object on the street, and he seems to enjoy the exercise. Nobody pays any attention except to mention his name as he goes prancing by.

The next three or four blocks are occupied by financial buildings, banks, etc. This continues well beyond Trinity Church, where there begins a slight divergence in favor of insurance, real estate and lawyers. As yet there is no manufacturing or jobbing firms. The street floors are usually occupied by small retail stores, purveying hats, cigars, candies, soda and other personal needs. Buildings like the Empire, housing the officers of the United States





PHOTO BY JACK J. COOPER

City Hall Park ; World and Tribune Buildings at night.

Steel Corporation, and the Equitable Life Assurance dominate the neighborhood. The Trinity Building, overlooking the burying ground of the famous old church, is a beautiful specimen of the Gothic style in business buildings, and is a strikingly beautiful structure. And an equally handsome building adjoins it. Opposite is the new forty-story Equitable Building. This structure, with entrances from four sides, forms one of the busiest arcades in the world. It is estimated that half a million persons pass through it daily, and the number of passengers using the elevators exceeds twenty-five thousand per day.

Almost opposite, but a little to the north, is the tall tower of the Singer Building, which for a few brief months enjoyed the distinction of being the loftiest pinnacle in the city, only to lose the honor first to the Metropolitan Tower and secondly to the Woolworth palace. On the block above the Singer is another great office building, the City Investing Building. This contains the executive offices of the subway and elevated systems and other corporations of similar importance. A view of the main entrance, perhaps the most imposing in the city, is well worth the moment it takes. Across the street are several banking and title insurance companies, notably the first one that made a success of the business of searching and guaranteeing titles to real estate. This work had hitherto been in the hands of lawyers and formed a large part of their incomes. It was a business cumbersomely managed and sadly in need of improvement. The new idea accomplished that and has been a great benefit to landholders everywhere.

Crossing the street again we come to the new building just completed for the main offices of the telegraph and telephone business of the city. It rises on the site of the old Western Union Building, for many years the highest building in the city. From the tower of the old building projected still higher a flagstaff, on the end of which was a ball. Promptly at noon each day this ball dropped from the top of the pole to the bottom, and everybody looked at their timepieces to see if they indicated exactly twelve o'clock, and if not to adjust them. It was quite a sight to see hundreds of men, watches in hand, looking up for the stroke of twelve.

The St. Paul Building, on the east side, facing the old post-office, and directly opposite St. Paul's Chapel, stands on the site of Barnum's old museum and later of the Herald Building. The road to the right leads up Park Row to the newspaper section, where are located the offices of many of the great metropolitan dailies, the Tribune and World buildings being conspicuous. The road continues past the park and finally merges into the Bowery, and in the old days you could keep on till you came to Boston, as this was the old post-road to the capital of New England.

Returning to the post-office and continuing up Broadway, we pass the old Astor House, for more than half a century the wonder of New York and the best-known hotel in this part of the world. It is now an office building. Across the street is perhaps the most beautiful and impressive building ever erected for purely commercial purposes, the Woolworth Building. No greater tribute to the worth of small things could be devised, for all the



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View on Broadway, showing Singer Building.



world knows that it was built out of the profits of the five-and-ten-cent stores, and that within thirty days after completion it was free and clear of all debts or liabilities of any kind. It is supposed to have cost between seven and eight millions. Elsewhere we have devoted a special page to the importance of visiting the tower of this building, an event of the greatest interest to the stranger, and something which native New Yorkers seldom achieve themselves, more's the pity.

The post-office, which is directly opposite the Woolworth Building, was the second building owned by the Government for purely postal purposes. The present building was completed in 1876, but is already superseded by an up-to-the-minute structure opposite the Pennsylvania Station on Eighth Avenue, and the building you are now looking at may soon be a thing of the past. As we emerge from the post-office we come upon the city's most important group of buildings and its most historic possession—the City Hall and municipal buildings and the City Hall Park—last of the common lands originally owned by the corporation.

The present City Hall is the third building erected by the city for the administration of its municipal affairs. The first was the Stadt Huys at the corner of Pearl Street and Coenties Slip, erected by the Dutch originally and continued by the English. It was demolished in 1700 and the new building at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets took its place. This building was deeded to the Federal Government at the time of Washington's inauguration and became known as Federal Hall. After the Capitol was removed from New York this build-

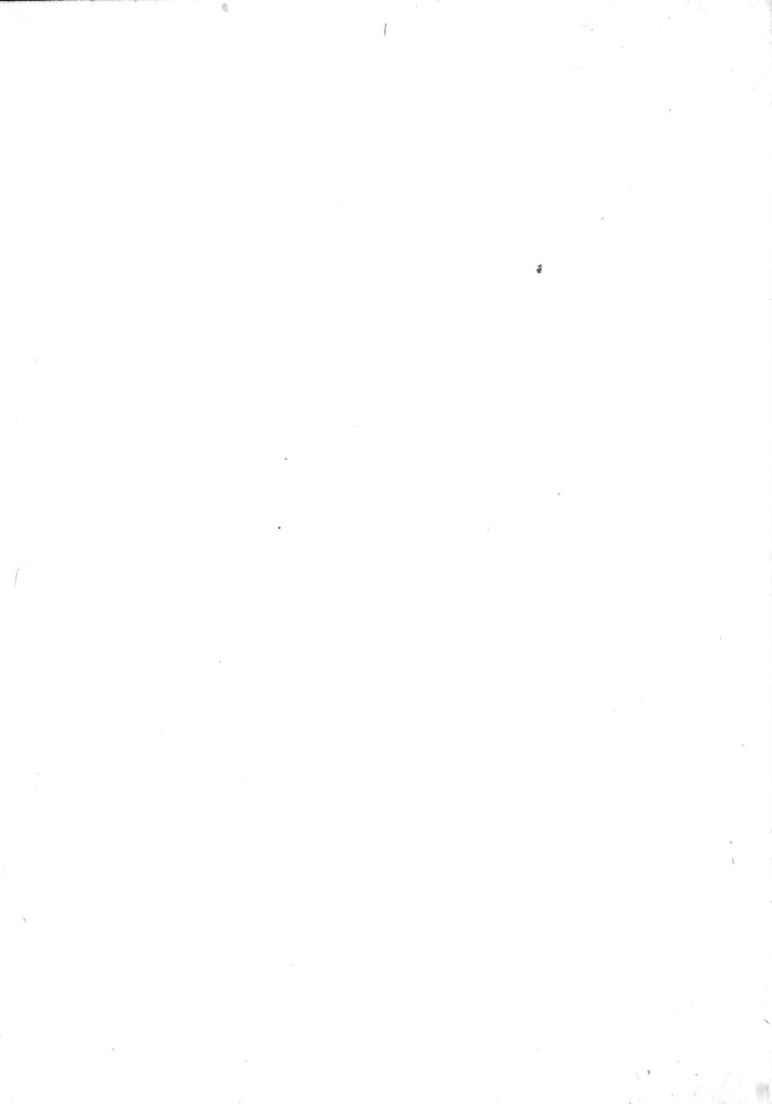
ing was abandoned and the site taken for a Custom House. The present City Hall was then erected and occupied in 1812. It is considered one of the finest examples of Colonial architecture now standing, and although the city's needs have long outgrown the capacity of this structure, the old building is still in constant use by the Mayor and the chiefs of the city government, borough presidents, board of aldermen and others.

The huge building, a little northeast of the City Hall, however, is where the real working force of the municipal government is housed. This is known as the Municipal Building and contains a population in business hours of between seven and eight thousand persons, all employed by the city. These are to a large extent merely the bookkeeping offices of the city government, the total number of employees outside engaged in various public improvements—subways, aqueducts, bridges and similar work—aggregating the stupendous number of nearly an additional hundred thousand persons. About eighty-five thousand are permanently on the payroll, the balance being temporary, according to the work the city has in hand. Tens of thousands are employed in the new subways, and other thousands on the Catskill Aqueduct, now rapidly approaching completion, to say nothing of street openings, bridge building and other work calling for the employment of labor on a huge scale.

The City Hall is an interesting building to visit and there are caretakers to show you through. It has been the scene of many notable celebrations, beginning with the two hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Manhattan by Hendrik Hudson,



Madison Square at Christmas-time, showing illuminated community Christmas-tree.



Captain Hull's famous victory over the *Guerriere*, the visit of Lafayette in 1824, and Joffre this year, the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825, the opening of the Croton Aqueduct in 1842—the first time New York had running water in its houses—the laying of the Atlantic cable, the reception to the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, in 1860, and other notable events. The lying in state of President Lincoln, of General Grant and of General Worth was also observed here.

There are quite a number of interesting relics in the various rooms, among others being the two desks used by Washington and the furniture used in the old Federal Hall in Wall Street by the first Congress; also excellent portraits by Trumbull of Washington and Hamilton; a portrait of Stuyvesant, busts of Henry Clay and DeWitt Clinton, the punch bowl used at the Erie Canal celebration and various other old mementoes of the city's past.

Outside is a tablet recording the fact that the Declaration of Independence was read to the Continental Army here, General Washington being present, July 9, 1776. Another tablet brings us sharply back to more prosaic things by marking the spot where ground was broken by Mayor Van Wyck for the first excavation of the subway. The statue of Nathan Hale by MacMonnies is one of our most cherished possessions and is well worth a visit of any one at all interested in the city.

Beyond the City Hall on Broadway, east side, is the marble building erected by the late A. T. Stewart, one of New York's greatest merchants, for his wholesale department. At that time the wholesale district was largely on Broadway up to

about Canal Street. While the dry goods district, as it is known, still remains downtown, it has practically disappeared from Broadway.

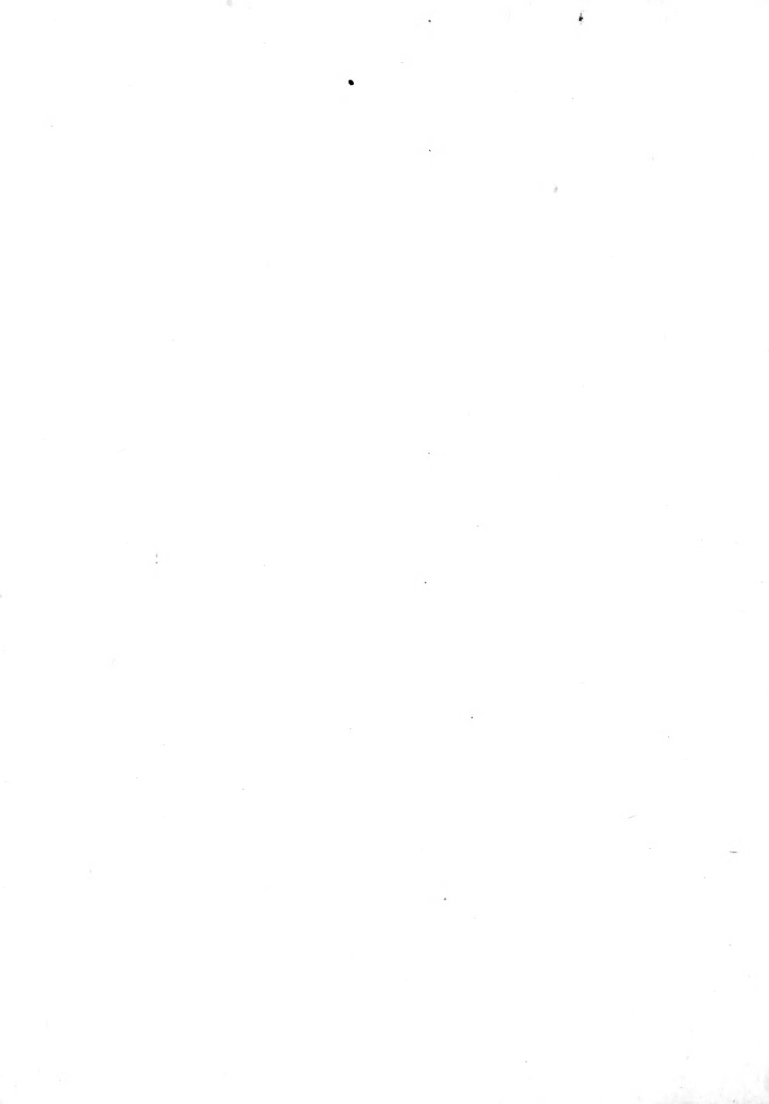
From Chambers Street clear up to the new shopping district at Thirty-fourth Street, Broadway is merely one great business house after another, with an occasional old rookery belonging to some ancient estate sandwiched in between. Property as far up as Fourteenth Street, with the possible exception of the section known as Wanamaker's, has suffered from the ultra conservative policy of the old landowners, who have persistently declined to keep pace in making improvements. The result has been that the newly built section of Fourth Avenue from Union Square to Thirty-fourth Street has secured many desirable tenants from this particular region. There will soon be a subway along Broadway, however, and as the owners have learned a lesson it is expected that Broadway will regain all its former prestige and possibly more.

Beyond Union Square there is also a state of suspended animation extending almost to Thirty-fourth Street. A few blocks this side of Thirty-fourth Street begins the hotel district, and at Thirty-second Street to Thirty-fifth Street several of the great retail stores are situated. The Pennsylvania Station also adds its quota to the crowds along the streets, and the busiest corner of Broadway is the result. The three great hotels in this immediate neighborhood, the Imperial, the Martinique and the McAlpin, together with the "Herald" Building and the great stores situated here, combine to make this one of the most lively and interesting sections of the city.



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A view on Broadway, near Wall Street,
showing the massive sky-scrapers that now surround Trinity Church.
The steeple of Trinity is faintly shown in foreground.



The street itself, however, is badly torn up for the new subway and one of the bridgeheads for the Catskill Aqueduct rears its ugly form directly in the middle of Herald Square. This torn-up condition is a permanent feature of New York's streets. The town grows so fast that it seems impossible to finish one improvement before another is projected. A good, commonsense system may be introduced some day, but at present we must put up with what we have.

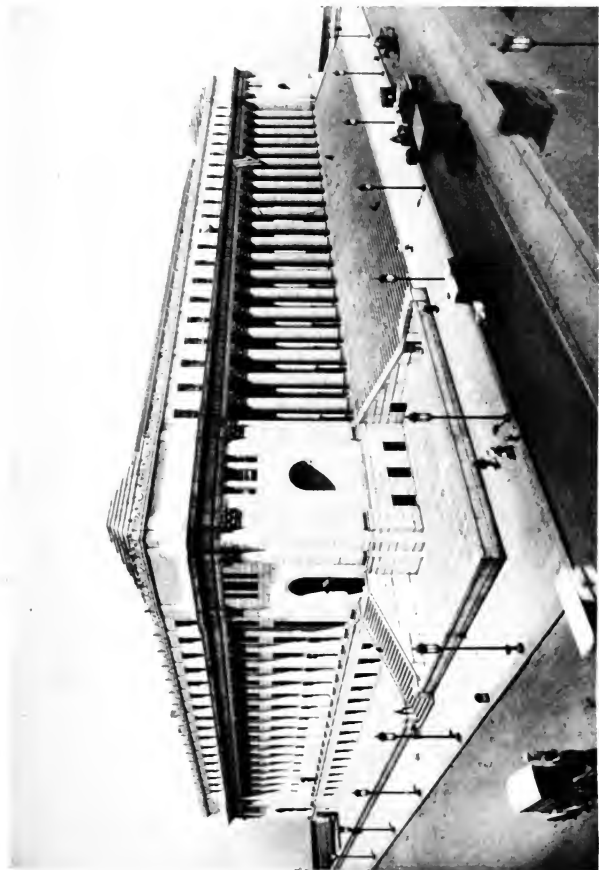
Beyond Thirty-fourth Street we are on the outskirts of the theatrical district, and thanks to O. J. Gude also in the middle of the "great white way." Those romantic prose poets who are forever exalting the virtues of electric signs point with pride to the blatant glare along Broadway as an instance of the cheerfulness and gaiety produced by this method of publicity. It is perhaps better than the stygian darkness of State Street, Chicago, after nightfall, but the opportunity for intelligent, decorative lighting under municipal auspices is there, and would be well worth its cost and would add an artistic attractiveness to the city which would justify the constant and enthusiastic praise of the "Great White Way."

Forty-second Street cuts across the city at this point, sharply defining an entirely new region created practically within the past decade. A formerly residential street of homes, churches and clubs, with a beautiful little park at its centre, it has now become the most hectic and nervous centre in the whole city. At one end, the Grand Central Terminal, with its notable grouping of magnificent hotels, and at the other all the leading theatres in

close proximity, combine to make this section of the city one of continuous movement, and all contained within a stretch of pavement that can be easily covered in a leisurely walk of half an hour.

Westward from Broadway Forty-second Street loses much of its interest for the tourist beyond Eighth Avenue, but starting from the Knickerbocker Hotel eastward the street gains in interest as it approaches Fifth Avenue. The block east of the hotel is largely made up of retail stores and some wholesale showrooms, more or less attractive by reason of their clean and apparently well-designed furnishings. At Sixth Avenue, Bryant Park and the Library extend all the way to Fifth Avenue. There are no stores or buildings along the entire length. On the opposite side, however, a great retail dry goods store adjoins Aeolian Hall for a good part of the block. The recitals and musicals of the latter are quite a feature of New York life. The balance of the block is occupied by small but pretty retail stores dealing in jewelry, knick-knacks, clothing, shoes and all manner of small ware.

Beyond Fifth Avenue to the Grand Central Terminal the block is dignified by the perfectly splendid new building just erected by the Astor Trust Company. Built of Indiana limestone, this imposing white pile is an adornment to the city. It ranks with the Woolworth Building in point of beauty, which is high praise. Small retail stores occupy the block down to the Forty-second Street Building, the latter being one of the great number of magnificent office buildings in the neighborhood, the latest, the Heckscher, being on the corner oppo-



U. S. AMERICA AN. 3111 DDO

The New York Post Office on Eighth Avenue, Thirty-first to Thirty-third Streets.



site. There must be a dozen equally large buildings of this type within a very short distance of one another, and the population of them is said to be well up to fifty thousand. The new twenty-story Yale Club Building is here; also the Harvard nearby.

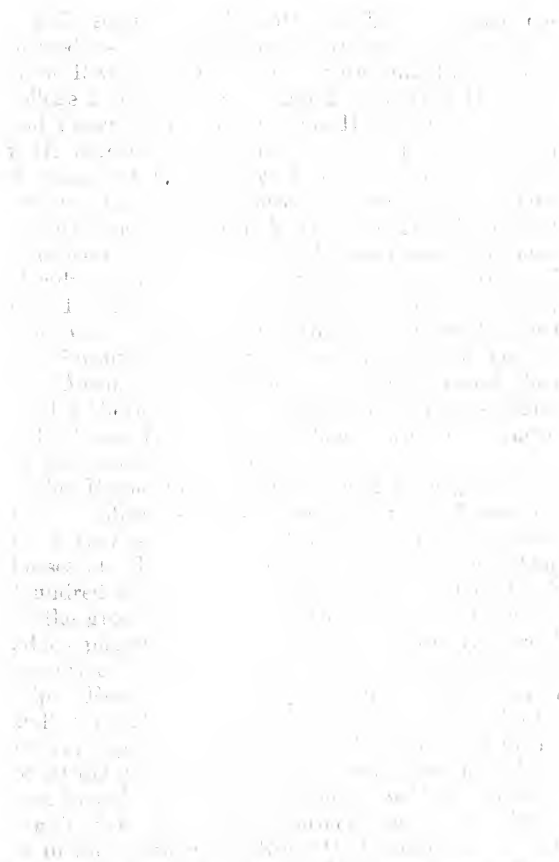
The hotels, Belmont, Murray Hill, Ritz-Carlton, Manhattan, Biltmore and the projected Commodore, are all within less than a few hundred feet of each other and entertain thousands of guests every day. The Biltmore alone is an institution in itself and has so many public entertainments going on within its walls that it is well worth a visit. The new Grand Central Terminal marks the end of the interesting part of Forty-second Street to the tourist, and the building itself combines so many new features that its original purpose of being a stopping place for trains seems lost in the shuffle.

Retracing our steps to the point from which we digressed, we are again on Broadway, going north. We pass the new Astor Hotel, the Strand, a famous moving picture house, several theatres (not forgetting the Hippodrome, which, however, is a block east), and continue past the show district till we find ourselves in the midst of another set of beautiful modern buildings, tenanted exclusively by great firms who were unheard of a few years ago—the automobile manufacturers. Here are handsome marble buildings of beautiful construction devoted to this business, some occupying buildings of their own exclusively. Here are all the new-made millionaire concerns of Detroit and other cities—Fords, Cadillacs, Packards, Pierce Arrows, Peerless, Hupmobiles, Hudsons, Franklins and the entire automobile family. These offices extend over a mile

along Broadway and are continually spreading. Everything about them is spick and span, and the entire section radiates newness and brightness from every quarter. They contribute not a little to the interest of Broadway below as well as above Fifty-ninth Street.

At Fifty-ninth Street the Italians of the city have erected a statue to Columbus, and the name given to this entrance to the park is Columbus Circle. Just beyond the Columbus Monument (which stands in the centre of the circle) is the beautiful statue erected to the memory of the sailor boys who perished in the disaster to the *Maine* in Havana harbor. It is a beautiful work, one of the best ever designed by Magonigle. The bronze group representing Columbia Triumphant which surmounts the top is made from guns recovered from the sunken battleship.

Passing the circle we continue up Broadway, which begins at this point to show the great development of massive apartment houses, which are now a prominent feature of the street as we go north. As yet these are largely interspersed with hotels, which, while being apartments, are in reality hotels for permanent occupancy, and do not quite correspond to the general meaning of the word apartment. This combination of business and living apartments continues for quite a considerable distance, business places gradually decreasing, except for retail stores which supply the populace with many needed small items, till we finally emerge at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, the section given over entirely to the grounds and buildings of Columbia University and its students.



Painted by Alice Heath for "New York of Today"—Copyright 1917

FIFTH AVE. - LOOKING SOUTH FROM 36TH ST. - 1917

GREAT DISPLAY OF ALLIED FLAGS TO CELEBRATE OUR ENTRANCE INTO THE GREAT
WORLD WAR

FIFTH AVE.—LOOKING SOUTH FROM 36TH ST.—1917

GREAT DISPLAY OF ALLIED FLAGS TO CELEBRATE OUR ENTRANCE INTO THE GREAT
WORLD WAR

This section of the city has been recently described as the Acropolis of America, and extends from Riverside Drive to Morningside Park. The college grounds proper extend from One Hundred and Fourteenth Street to One Hundred and Twentieth Street, and from Broadway to Amsterdam Avenue, but the land west of the college grounds proper, from One Hundred and Sixteenth to One Hundred and Twentieth between Broadway and Claremont Avenue, and the blocks north from One Hundred and Twentieth Street to One Hundred and Twenty-first Street, also the land to the east from One Hundred and Sixteenth to One Hundred and Seventeenth Street between Amsterdam Avenue and Morningside Avenue, upon which stand Barnard College, Teachers College, the Horace Mann School and the president's house, are all included in the university holdings.

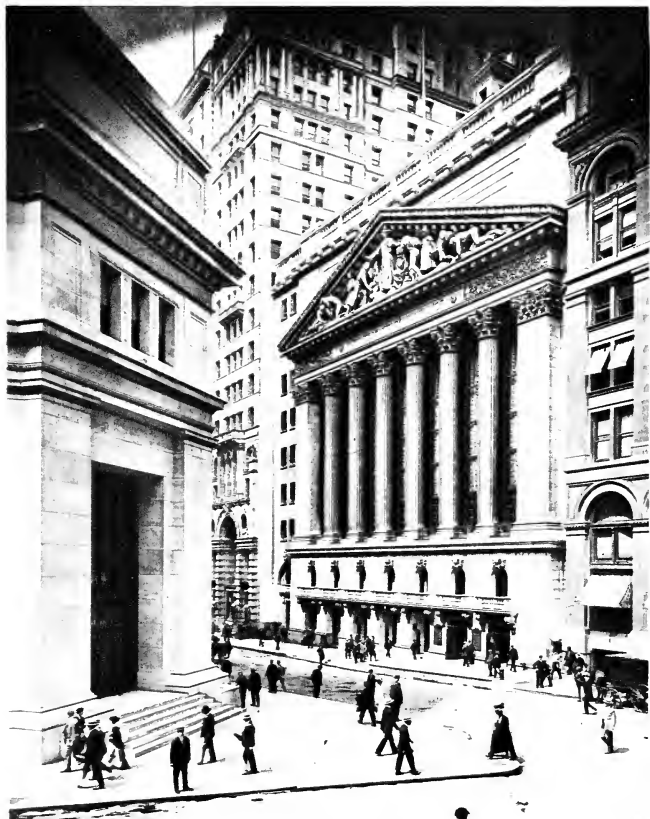
The Broadway subway cars will bring you right to the college entrance from any part of the city in a very short time. The Fifth Avenue motor busses also let you off at Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Sixteenth Street within a short block of the grounds. By this latter route you have the added pleasure of the scenery along the river and the drive, a valued addition to the pleasures of the trip. Every facility is provided strangers for a walk through the grounds, and many of the buildings are open for inspection by the public. A model of all the university buildings twenty feet by thirty-five, including all those planned as well as erected—a gift of F. Augustus Schermerhorn, class of '68—is in the basement of Kent Hall, southwest corner One Hundred and Sixteenth Street and Amsterdam

Avenue, and may save time for those who would like to get an idea of the extent of Columbia University and yet have not the time to go through it in its entirety.

Beyond the college region are numberless dormitories and housing facilities afforded by private persons whose main business is the care and boarding of students. The great majority of the student body are non-residents, so the business of housing them is quite important, and their presence imparts an altogether different atmosphere to this section.

Back of the college grounds rises the magnificent new Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the third largest ecclesiastical edifice in the world. It will be the central point of interest in this section when completed. It is best viewed from Morningside Park. Not far from the Cathedral is the splendid new hospital of St. Luke's, and beyond that some magnificent new private residences are in course of construction. It is quite likely that this part of New York will in time become one of the world's famous resorts for letters, arts and science. For its architectural achievements it already holds a high place.

Northward from the college campus Broadway experiences one of those sudden changes from affluence to poverty so common to New York streets, and the region beyond One Hundred and Twenty-third Street loses interest until it reaches the high ground of Washington Heights. The Jumel Mansion, Trinity Cemetery, the Hispanic Society, the Geographical Society and Indian Foundation at One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Street are of great interest and are all more fully described elsewhere.

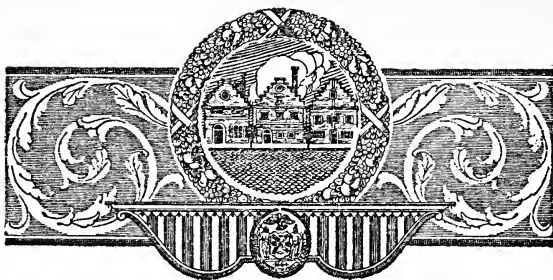


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The Stock Exchange
and entrance to J. P. Morgan & Co.'s new building.

Beyond One Hundred and Fifty-third Street Broadway winds unobtrusively along, skirting old Fort Tryon and Isham Park, finally crossing the old Dyckman farm on its way to the subway terminal at Two Hundred and Forty-second Street, just ten miles from where we started. At this station the limit of New York is practically reached, as the southern boundary of Yonkers adjoins the city a little further on at Van Cortlandt Park.

Although Broadway still continues its northern way as far as the Capital City of the State, we will leave it here and turn our attention to some other sections which we have overlooked temporarily while giving attention to the pride of New York—the Broad High Way of Colonial days and the Broadway of our own.

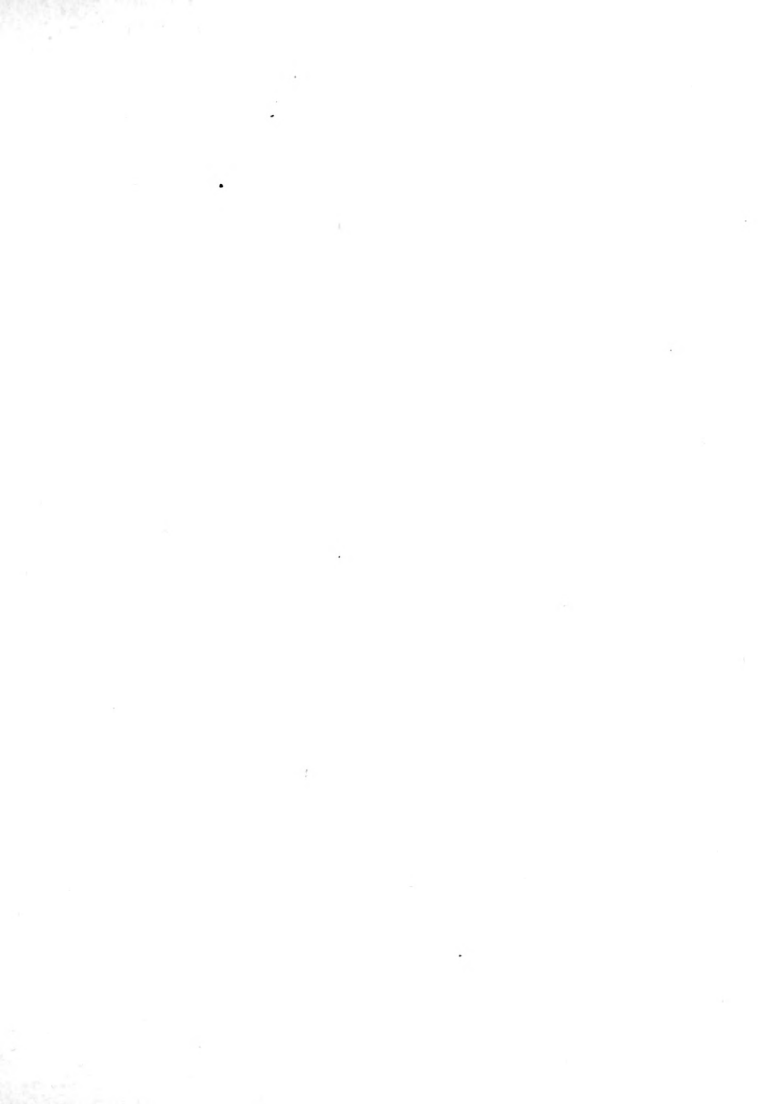


CHAPTER III

WALL STREET

THE BEST-KNOWN HALF MILE IN THE WORLD

OF THE four streets in New York known the world over—Broadway, Fifth Avenue, the Bowery and Wall Street—the latter is by far the most famous. Newspapers in every section of civilization print the name of the last-named thoroughfare in every issue, and the Wall Street column has a larger number of daily readers than any other item printed. For a street less than half a mile long and but little more than thirty feet wide, its importance is altogether disproportionate to its mere physical size. It does not lack dignity, however, both sides being lined with buildings of the most costly and imposing character. Aside from its fame as the greatest of all financial centres, the street derives piquancy and zest from the thrills and excitement of meeting face to face most of the men whose names are familiar to the reading public.





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Nassau Street, looking north from Wall. The Bankers' Trust Building stands on the site of John Simmon's Tavern, where the first Common Council met in 1784, under James Duane, our first mayor.

All the great captains of industry; the capitalists whose every move is recorded by the press; distinguished visitors from foreign countries; railroad presidents, various dignitaries in the shape of steel kings, rubber kings, sugar kings, oil kings and lesser members of the royal families of commerce and manufacture may all be seen here. The comings and goings of the late J. Pierpont Morgan were always moments of delightful excitement to the visitor and something to speak about when he got back home. Mr. Morgan's photograph was so frequently printed that he was easily recognized. The same is true of Mr. Rockefeller. With these two exceptions, however, most of the big men of the street, like the present J. P. Morgan and H. P. Davison, though well known by name to the average reader, cannot very well be identified from the portraits that occasionally appear. Business, however, brings them constantly on the street, and they are everywhere in evidence.

Where so many firms and institutions are famous it is hard to single out any one in particular, but we presume the first choice would be either the Morgan Bank or the Stock Exchange. The latter is but a few steps from Trinity Church on Wall Street, though its main façade fronts on Broad Street. The Morgan bank is a few steps below it on the corner of Wall and Broad streets, almost opposite where the old Federal Hall was, and part of it on the site of Alexander Hamilton's old home, from the steps of which he looked across at the inauguration of Washington as first President of the United States. A statue of Washington taking the oath of office stands on the steps of the Sub-

Treasury building, which now occupies the site of the old Federal Hall; and the British Government, to overthrow which Hamilton raised millions, is now being sustained by the thousands of millions which Morgan is helping to raise. The Assay Office is in the rear of the Sub-Treasury.

Farther down on the same side of the street is the many-pillared building of the famous City National Bank, custodian of the funds of the Standard Oil Company, and perhaps the largest bank in the world. Below that, on the corner of Water Street, is a bronze tablet marking the site of one of New York's most famous pre-Revolutionary buildings, the Merchants' Coffee House. Beyond that are the offices of the American Sugar Refinery.

Scarcely a foot of Wall Street but is historic ground. The street received its name from the stockade or wall erected in 1653 by the last of the Dutch governors. At first this was merely a cattle guard formed of felled trees with their roots all lying in one direction to prevent cattle straying. On account of Indian troubles, disputes with the English and forages of wild animals, it was decided to make this barrier of considerable strength. So a stockade of stout timbers, securely built, was erected, with a gate at Broadway and another at the East River. This barrier stood for about half a century and was finally removed. Frequent reference by the people to the "wall" resulted in that permanent name for the street.

There are four century-old banks in a row. Two of them are distinguished as being established by Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr respectively—the Bank of New York, No. 48, and the Manhattan



Photo J. B. HALL

Fifth Avenue from Forty-second Street—the ultra-fashionable shopping district. Temple Emanuel on the corner. The distant spires on the right are St. Patrick's Cathedral

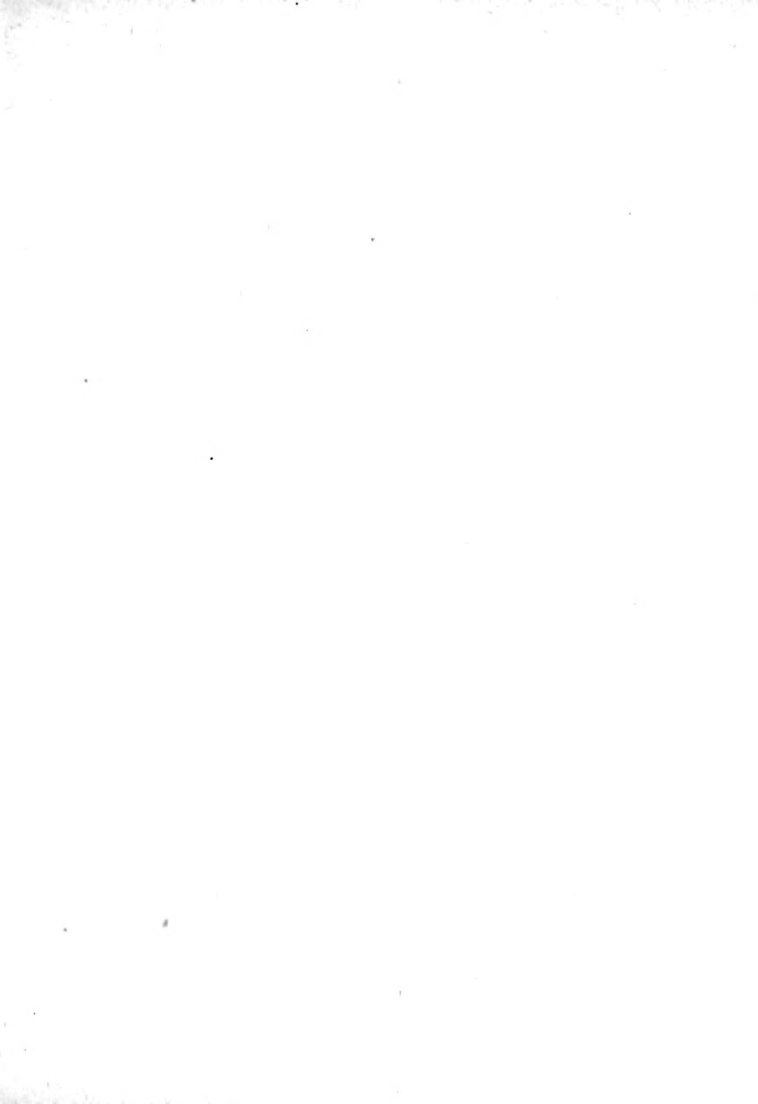
Company, at No. 40. The Merchants' National, at 42, and the Bank of America, at 44 and 46, complete the quartet. At No. 56 is a tablet to mark the beginning of the life insurance business in this country. Not far from this number, on the corner of William and Beaver streets, is the Cotton Exchange, on which another tablet appears, commemorating the establishment by William Bradford of the first newspaper in New York. Across the street is a dining resort known the world over—Delmonico's—largely patronized by the rich bankers and brokers in the neighborhood.

The lure of the Stock Exchange, the marvellous tales of enormous riches acquired in the twinkling of an eye, are not the only things that invest Wall Street with its absorbing interest for the general public. Some of these yarns are palpable inventions, but they make good stories and will continue to be printed, but Wall Street as the world's financial centre has a serious rôle to enact and performs its part with commendable sincerity and undoubted ability. One must admit that it gives a thrill of pleasurable excitement to happen along just as a string of huge trucks drive up to the Sub-Treasury and you personally witness a consignment of two or three hundred millions of dollars in gold for the firm of Morgan being delivered at its destination. It rather pays you for the few moments you spend.

Wall Street is so short that one can walk down one side and up the other in less than twenty minutes. Make a few notes of the places you particularly wish to see and it will add greatly to your pleasure, as you can go about with a definite plan in view. Admission to the Stock Exchange and

the Sub-Treasury is by ticket, but almost any banker or broker will provide you with that upon request. The superintendent of the Assay Office conducts visitors through the building between the hours of eleven A. M. and one P. M. There is nothing particular to see in private places like the City National Bank or Morgan's, but you can step inside and polite attention will be paid you and part of the interior shown.

Everywhere in New York, if a stranger expresses a desire to see more or know more of a certain building, he will find an attendant who will try to meet his wishes as far as consistent with business. As one of the most talked-of thoroughfares in the world "the Street," as Wall Street is colloquially known, will more than repay the time spent within its romantic and interesting bounds.





AMERICAN STUDIO

The great Municipal Building, housing more than 7,000 city employees.



CHAPTER IV

FIFTH AVENUE

THE NEW RETAIL SHOPPING DISTRICT

THE first thing that strikes the stranger in New York is the large number of well-dressed people seen on this street. And I mean by that not well dressed in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but elaborately so. It is no exaggeration to say that in no city in the world is there a street so altogether attractive as Fifth Avenue from Madison Square to Carnegie Hill. It is the one thoroughfare which by common consent has been reserved for the use of polite society. No unsightly wagons filled with hind quarters of beef or other ill-smelling merchandise are permitted to invade its classic precincts. The most plebeian vehicle is the bus, and even that charges double the fare of other cars and imparts a corresponding sense of superiority. All other commercial transportation is vigorously ex-

cluded. Motor cars of the most costly type interspersed with an occasional old-fashioned family coach drawn by a pair of spirited horses, with driver and footman, occupy the driveway exclusively, and the crowds on either sidewalk are in keeping with the same standard. The light-hearted spirit of New York is not revealed half so plainly among the brilliant crowds in the hotels and theatres at night as it is on this avenue in the daytime. It is an ever-changing kaleidoscope, effervescing in its sheer delight of living. On one of those ravishingly beautiful days for which New York is weatherwisely famous, it is hard to adequately describe the animation of the crowds, or the exhilaration of a walk on this most famous show street of the town. The fascination of the human pageant is greatly enhanced by the quiet beauty of the splendid architecture which lines both sides of the avenue. This background of imposing splendor is further enriched by the most interesting succession of alluring shop window that ever dazzled and delighted the eyes of mortal women.

This is New York's latest shopping district, and as everything is practically just from the builders' hands, every modern idea in construction and decoration has here found its full expression. The prevailing color is white, either Indiana limestone, granite or marble, and as New York burns no soft coal the effect is decidedly stimulating. Time does not stale her whiteness; it only imparts an ivory finish to her loveliness. Visitors who live in communities where the primeval practice of using a soft, sooty coal still persists are at a loss to ex-



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The New York Public Library—Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations—corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, on site of old Reservoir.

press their delight at the purity and cleanliness of New York's atmosphere. It is the one thing in praise of which they can all unite. Few things have added more to the renown of New York than her freedom from a smoke-laden atmosphere; and her frank and childlike enjoyment of her brilliant sunshine is refreshing.

The side streets, just off the avenue and crossing it at near angles, are as much a part of the avenue as if they were actually on the main line. Countless exquisite little shops dot these cross streets, all catering to what is known as "specialty" trade. If madam objects to the throngs in the greater stores, madam may come here, receive personal attention, see specially designed material and enjoy an air of exclusiveness not possible in the larger establishments. These little shops are patterned after their prototypes in Bond Street and the Avenue de l'Opera. Artistically designed outwardly, the interior is a model of neatness and superb taste. There is an absence of hustle and worry in these little places which is not without its attraction for certain clientele. And they achieve success by deserving it.

Coming up the Murray Hill district of the avenue one stops involuntarily to admire the dignified and impressive outlines of New York's great Public Library. With a sigh one recalls the sudden death by accident of the great architect whose brain planned this classic edifice just a week before its formal opening. The doors of the still unopened building swing back to permit the body of John M. Carrerè to rest for a moment in the rotunda of what was to be the crowning achievement of his

career. It was a graceful and beautiful tribute. Last year the Library had some two million or more visitors, and its activities are continually expanding. It is one of the notable buildings in New York, and a visit is something not to be forgotten.

Above Forty-second Street on the avenue we encounter one of these subtle changes which mark the varying attitude in the social standing of the various blocks along this aristocratic thoroughfare. These changes are not at all important in a business sense, but they exist and are recognized by their devotees. For instance, the afternoon promenades of the young ladies of fashionable finishing schools must not extend below Forty-fifth Street. In the minds of those whose shops are above Forty-fifth Street this imparts an added dignity to their particular section.

In the old days light-fingered gentry known to the police were not allowed south of Fulton Street. The wholesale jewelry trade centred around Maiden Lane, and Wall Street was only a few blocks distant. This offered a tempting field, and so prevention was regarded as better than cure. To have your place of business below this recognized "dead line" served by implication to place you within the charmed circle of those whose business was distinguished by special police protection, and a little throwing out of the chest naturally followed. As a matter of fact this "dead line" beyond Forty-fifth Street is no excuse for exalting those firms who live within its sacred precincts, nor is it so regarded; there are still quite a number of private houses left on this section of the street, and the crowds are less insistent, which explains it. Nevertheless,



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The Metropolitan Tower and Dr. Parkhurst's Church,
Madison Square.

the recent announcement that Mr. Woolworth would open one of his famous five-and-ten-cent emporiums in this hallowed region directly below Forty-second Street was not received with demonstrations of approval. Fifth Avenue was born aristocratic, and, though she may have fallen from her proud estate, she cannot forget what she once was, and fights stubbornly the attempt to rob her entirely of her departed glory.

The great Vanderbilt houses—four of them—still remain intact; the Huntington mansion, Robert Goelet's and a few others. With these exceptions, the utter ruin and demolition of this street as a social citadel is complete. Singularly enough Washington Square, where the avenue starts, defies the march of progress. The north side of this square and the few immediately adjoining blocks on the avenue proper are the same as when first erected. The modern artillery of business has so far failed to dislodge them, but dangerous salients surround them on every side. This last stand of the Knickerbockers is romantic and deserves to succeed, and will.

A somewhat similar location was captured when Madison Square capitulated. Nothing is left of this region as it existed in the days of Flora McFlimsy. Gone are all the old homes, the famous hotels like the Fifth Avenue, the Albemarle, the Hoffman House, Delmonico's, the Brunswick and others. This used to be the most popular section of New York at night, but now society's old haunts have been replaced by cloak and suit lofts, and there is naught to entice a man to Madison Square after dark.

MADISON SQUARE AND ITS SOAP-BOX ORATORS

The large open space extending from Fifth to Madison Avenue has greatly increased its function as a people's forum since the opening of the present war. In some unaccountable manner it is the chosen ground of the soap-box orators on all subjects. And stranger still is the fact that they never lack for an audience, no matter what the time of day. The noon hour is the period of their greatest activity. Crowds gather at short intervals and vehement speakers denounce the present state of affairs, social, political and spiritual. Nothing is right. Ice should be plentiful in summer and roses in winter. This government is no good, no government is any good, and labor is prostrate and bleeding at the feet of capital.

Of late the plain clothes men from the police department have been more active than usual, especially since the war began with Germany. The moment one of these orators makes a direct and positively treasonable utterance against the Government he is promptly yanked off the soap box and ignominiously thrust into a waiting patrol wagon. His place, however, is soon filled by another equally virulent successor who scowls at the police and comes as near as he dares to insulting them. Who pays all these speakers is a mystery. They are at it all day long and they never pass the hat. It seems better to let them have a safety valve than suppress them altogether in the opinion of the authorities, and no doubt this policy is correct. They are an interesting feature of the streets of New York and provide for the stranger a moment of passing interest.



Fifth Avenue from 34th Street, looking north as far as Central Park.
The church in the center is the Brick Presbyterian.
The building with the marble pillars is the Columbia Trust Company.



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Riverside Drive—Eighty-fifth Street north to Soldiers and Sailors' Monument.



Directly opposite the park at Fifty-ninth Street there seems some prospect of checking the onrush of business. For the moment it is halted, and beyond the Metropolitan Club at Sixtieth Street the attack has not yet commenced. It appears to be secure for the next decade at least.

In the annals of old New York Fifth Avenue will ever remain a bright particular star. If it has taken on a new and different phase of life it is perhaps one of greater service to the people. In its new career it typifies the spirit of the great city in which it has so long borne a distinguished part. What society has lost business has gained, and business is the life of the metropolis.

The stranger who has walked up and down the avenue must have been impressed first with the outward and visible signs of abundant means, and second with the vivacity and bouyancy everywhere displayed. New York is without doubt to-day the richest city in the world, and is growing richer every year. The people reflect that freedom from sordid care which is the result of an easy mind. And the dominant characteristic of the New Yorker is his evident desire to amuse and be amused. That he is a pleasure-loving animal cannot be disputed. The whole town is redolent of gaiety. Nowhere else in the world do so many people dine in restaurants, hotels and roof gardens. This is not conducive to rigid economy. But the good cheer, the light-heartedness is typical of New York after business hours, and this apparently riotous spirit is a perfectly legitimate inheritance bequeathed us by our rollicking, freebooting, piratical ancestors. For New York was a wild seafaring town in its early days, and

many a "gentleman's adventure" set forth from these shores to the Spanish Main. Costly silks, rare jewels, exquisite perfumes and spices were not unknown in Colonial New York. So this life of barbaric garishness, as our country cousins say, has a perfectly natural origin. The existence of perfectly enormous wealth must inevitably color everything more or less in a city like New York.

There was a time when there was no income tax in this country, and when it first became a law the Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional. That would have been the end of it had not some bright mind called the attention of Congress to the fact that in the event of such a law being passed about ninety per cent. of it would be collected in New York. It takes two-thirds of the States to pass a veto over the head of the Supreme Court and several years' time. In this case, however, the various legislatures acted promptly in giving the necessary majorities to the bill, and the discarded income tax speedily became a law.

Added to the millionaires of local residence there is a constant influx of temporary sojourners of the same class from other cities. They frankly come here to spend and to enjoy themselves. Money is therefore constantly in circulation and the town naturally receives the benefit. One result is the most wonderful hotels the world has ever seen. In point of pure luxury, of utter recklessness in the matter of cost, there are absolutely no hotels to compare with those in New York. Food may cost as much in other places, but there is something in addition to that in New York which is beyond money and beyond price. Mere man cannot provide



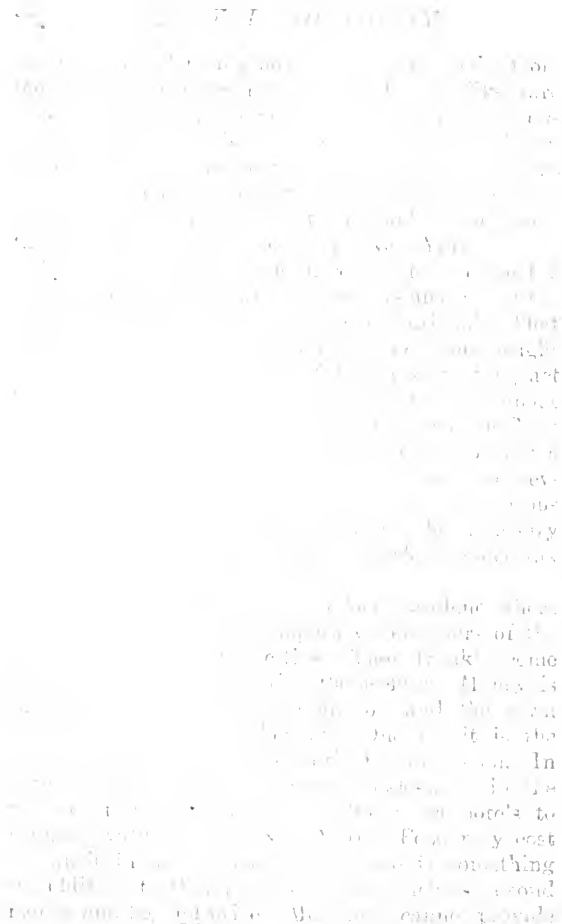
Painted by Alice Heath for "New York of Today"—Copyright 1917

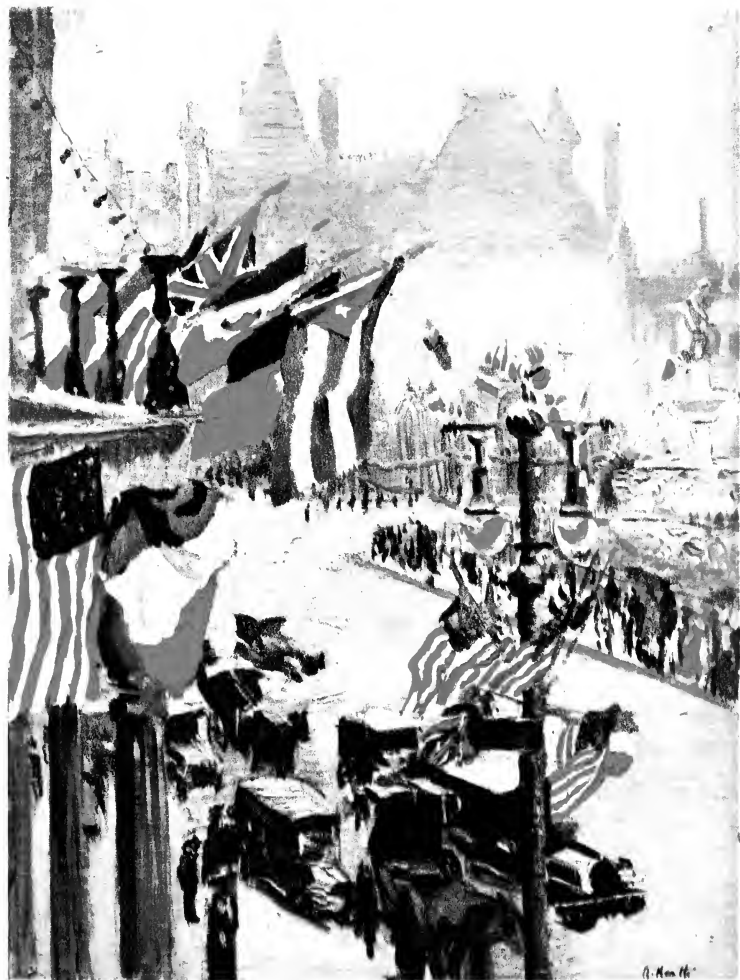
THE PLAZA AT FIFTH AVE.—VANDERBILT HOUSE IN DISTANCE

NEW YORK'S TRIBUTE TO THE ALLIED WAR COMMISSIONS

THE PLAZA AT FIFTH AVE.—VANDERBILT HOUSE IN DISTANCE

Printed by Alice Heath for "New York of Today"—Copyright 1917



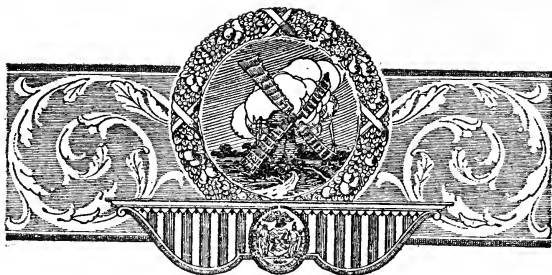


A. M. H.



gaiety, cheerfulness, enjoyment and laughter simply by ordering it. That is a thing of the spirit; that is the fleeting emotion of the hour in New York, and it is found nowhere else in the country. A full-dress suit on a New Yorker does not suggest one of those solemn functions that elsewhere mark our progress from the cradle to the grave, like a marriage or the annual trade dinner. It signifies what it ought to signify—a change from business. Neither is it worn stiffly like a suit of shining armor on a knight of old. It is an habitual garment, befits him accordingly, and his silk topper does not weigh him down with an undue sense of responsibility.

Except in London full dress in the evening is more generally worn by men in New York than in any other city. Nor does it excite surprise among the rest of the community. There are also dozens of places where diners are not expected to appear except in formal clothes. No one will exactly deny you admission unless so attired, but you will wait long—very long—for a table.

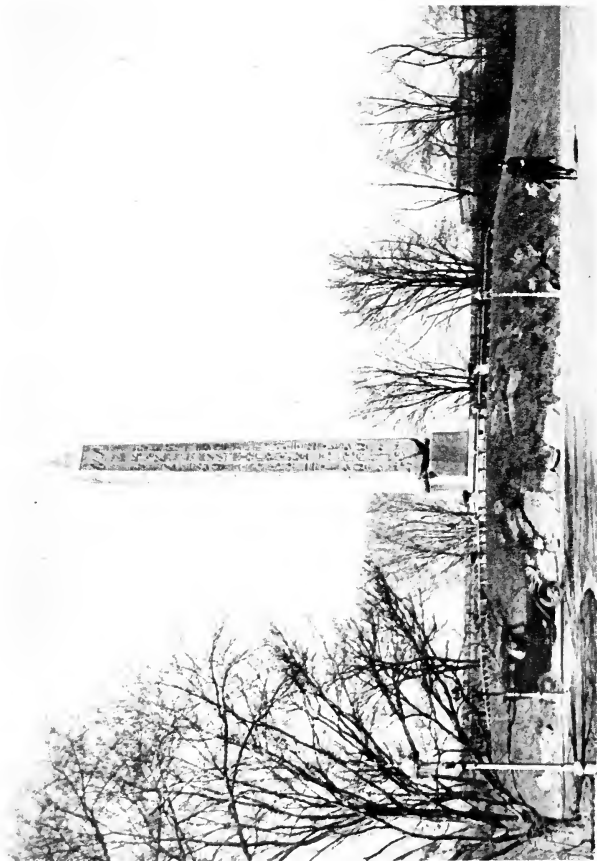


CHAPTER V

RIVERSIDE DRIVE

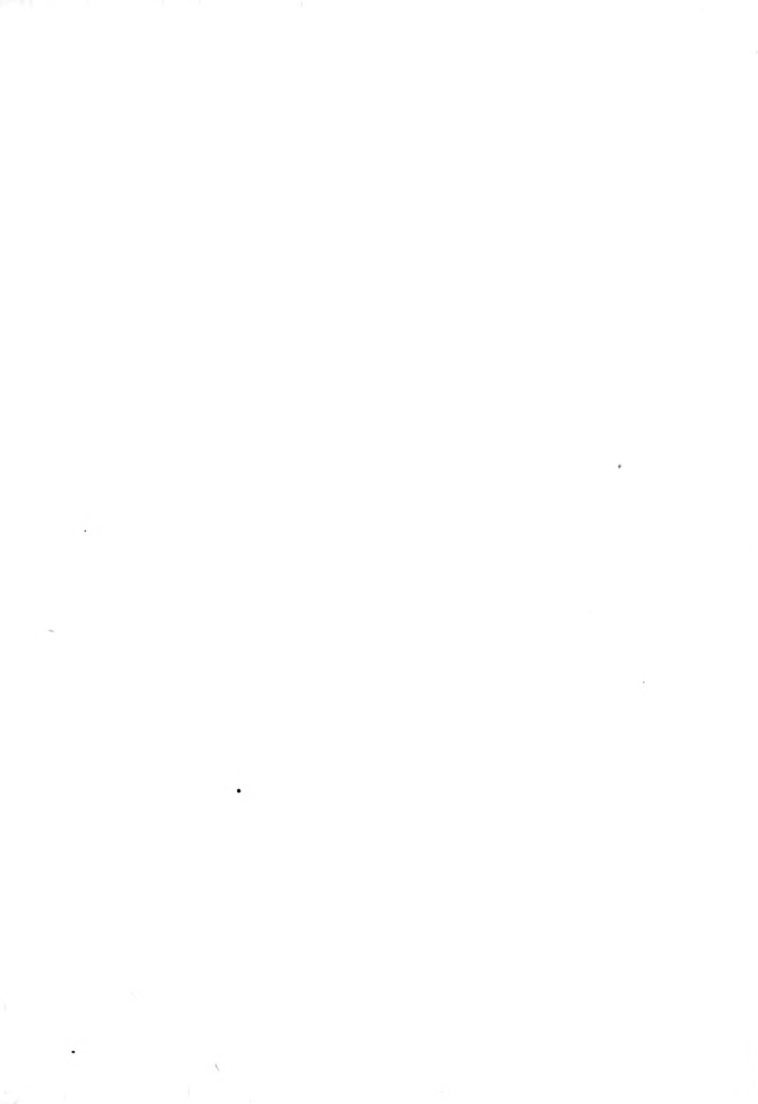
THIS beautiful section begins at Seventy-second Street and stretches north along the Hudson River to the end of the island at Inwood Park. Some years ago the city condemned the land immediately adjoining the river and commenced the construction of a public park, which is now in process of extension and completion. The tracks of the New York Central, unfortunately, run along the river at this point and make a discordant feature in the landscape which would otherwise be a thoroughfare equalling in beauty the famous Thames embankment.

Realizing this situation, the railroad recently agreed to plans which, if carried out, would make the river front in this section one of the favored spots of the world. The tracks would be entirely under cover, the landscape terraced



© FACH BRUS

Obelisk in Central Park, nearly 3,500 years old. Gift of the Khedive of Egypt. Erected by one of the Pharaohs and placed in front of the Temple of the Sun, where it stood for centuries. Brought over by Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt at a cost of \$250,000, about 1885.





Woman Suffrage Parade—passing New York Public Library.

to the river, and adorned with shrubs and flowers. All unsightly docks, coal pickets and piers now existing would be changed into structures of beauty, as well as utility. Any other municipality in the world would jump at such a chance, but New York is very short-sighted in some respects and because the railroad has voluntarily agreed to these plans, and to expend large sums to carry them into effect, the public think there must be an African in the wood-pile somewhere, and has for the moment rejected the plan.

Now that Mr. Rockefeller, by his generous gift, has added Fort Tryon Park to the Riverside Extension, this improvement becomes more necessary than ever. It is to be hoped that the work will commence at once. It is sorely needed.

Meanwhile the drive is adding to its attractiveness by the addition of more noted buildings, monuments and private residences, and is fast becoming the most beautiful as well as interesting park in the city. All the diverting panorama of marine life on the river is spread before the eyes of the onlooker from Riverside Drive. An anchorage for the Atlantic division of the Navy extends along the shore from Ninetieth Street up to Spuyten Duyvil. When the fleet is home the scene is one of exhilaration and the Jackies are popular heroes.

The broad tree-shaded boulevard, the pedestrian walks, the bridle paths and the swiftly moving procession of shining automobiles all tend to make the drive a popular resort for the people of the city on holidays and special occasions. No buildings are permitted except on the east side, and the attractive outlook provided by the Hudson River has

brought together a number of well-to-do families who have erected beautiful homes in this part of the city. And the apartments which also line the drive are of a distinctly superior type. One of the most interesting of the former is the home of Charles M. Schwab, at the corner of Seventy-third Street. It has an added interest to New Yorkers from the fact that on the death of Mr. and Mrs. Schwab the house and grounds will revert to the city. The present value of the property is over \$3,000,000. All along the drive are other notable houses, monuments and statues. The residence of the late Bishop Potter at Eighty-ninth Street, and next to the Schwab house, is one of the most beautiful. At Seventy-sixth Street is the Hamilton fountain, an ornate structure shaped as a drinking trough for horses. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, erected for those who fell in the Civil War, occupies a commanding bluff from which a splendid view of the river north and south may be obtained. In front of the monument, which is in the form of a Greek temple, with a peristyle of twelve Corinthian columns, is a copy of Houdin's statue of Washington, a gift from school children.

At Ninety-third Street is the new Joan of Arc statue, part of the pedestal being made from stone which came from the recently demolished prison at Rouen, in which the Maid of Orleans was confined. It is a beautiful work of art and is a great acquisition to the city. At Ninety-sixth Street is the Cliff Apartment House, in which an attempt has been made to realize the appellation of cliff dwellings, often applied to apartments of New York. Above the second elevation is a frieze in low relief carry-



AMERICAN STUDIO

Diana's Tower on Madison Square Garden—seen from Fifth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street.

ing out symbolically the mountain lions, rattlesnakes, buffaloes' skulls and other local environments of a genuine cliff dwelling in Arizona. It is a clever idea and never fails to attract attention. The old frigate *Granite State* occupies the space at the foot of Ninety-seventh Street with a seagoing vessel for practice lying beside her. It is now occupied by the First Battalion, Naval Militia. At One Hundredth Street is the Firemen's Memorial, erected in memory of the many heroic deeds of the New York firemen, who daily risk their lives, and sometimes lose them, in the performance of their duty. At One Hundred and Sixth Street is the equestrian statue of that fine old German general, Franz Siegel, by Carl Bitter. From One Hundred and Sixteenth Street north is perhaps the finest view of the river. It reveals also the most beautiful part of the drive and shows row after row of apartment houses of the highest type both in architecture and appointments. At One Hundred and Twenty-second Street the drive widens out, enclosing a broad central triangle containing the chief point of interest along the whole length of the drive—Grant's Tomb.

This is perhaps the best-known object in the country from its frequent reproduction in postal cards, engravings, magazines and guide-books. It stands on an ideal site and is visible from many points on the harbor and river. It rises to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. It was built by the public, ninety thousand persons contributing various sums, but none was allowed to give more than \$5,000. The mausoleum is open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. It contains the bodies of General Grant and his wife. The large number of

battle flags and memorials in the interior are of great interest.

The material used in building it was specially selected, only large and flawless blocks of white granite being used, and cost \$600,000. The entrance is from the south side. The decorative sculpture is emblematical of the birth, the military and civil life and the death of the great Union General. The sarcophagus containing the body rests in the open crypt and is made of a single piece of red granite bearing the name

ULYSSES S. GRANT

supported by a granite pedestal. North of the tomb is the ginkgo tree sent by Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman and admirer of Grant. There is a tablet containing an account of this tribute adjoining the tree.

By a curious turn of fortune the great General's tomb is placed so that it seems to guard another little grave—that of a five-year-old child who died in 1797. It is the only grave except Grant's maintained and cared for by the city in one of its public parks. It appears that in years gone by the land was owned by George Pollock in 1790. He afterwards returned to Ireland and subsequently sold the property to Cornelia Verplanck—all but the little grave in which lay all that he had cared for in America. He sent money to erect a small fence and a headstone in which he carved his affection in the solitary line:



© AMERICAN STUDIO

"Let us have Peace"

General Grant's Tomb, on beautiful Riverside Drive at 121st Street, overlooking the Hudson.

TO AN AMIABLE CHILD.

When condemnation proceedings were instituted to enable the city to acquire this land for a public park this curious indenture was encountered. Perhaps some sentimental feeling was aroused; at all events, the city accepted the land with the condition that the little grave of an amiable child must always be cared for, and there you will see it just north of Grant's Tomb.

A building that is convenient to the tomb is the Claremont restaurant, owned by the city and is one to which strangers frequently repair at this point of their travels. It is a very old building dating back almost to the Revolution. It has had an interesting history. Viscount Courtenay, who occupied it in 1807, viewed the trial trip of Fulton's *Clermont* from the veranda. In 1815 it became the abode of the Emperor Napoleon's brother Joseph. Quite a few changes have been made from time to time in portions of the building, but structurally it remains the same. A very good dinner may be had here amid pleasant surroundings. The viaduct crossing Manhattanville carries the drive to Washington Heights. Houses now practically disappear, and the view of the river and of the Palisades becomes more beautiful. The busses, however, do not go farther than One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, and the rest of the distance must be made by private conveyance. You have, however, seen practically all that is to be seen of Riverside Drive, although the rural beauty of the drive from this point is very delightful.

Just beyond the Drive, and what will soon be a continuation of it, is the beautiful new park recently presented to the city by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

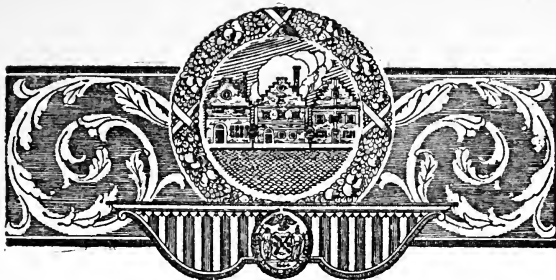
Mr. Rockefeller purchased three large parcels of property last fall facing the river just beyond the limits of the present Drive. The southernmost, and most valuable, was the estate of C. K. G. Billings, the noted horseman. This contains a magnificent residence, as well as large stables, garages and a swimming pool.

The whole tract of land is about two-thirds of a mile long. It begins at One Hundred and Ninety-third Street, runs northward and occupies all the territory between Broadway, on the east, and the extension of Riverside Drive on the west. It is without doubt the most beautiful piece of land for a park that could well be imagined. The views are superb, commanding as they do a broad expanse of the Hudson, the Palisades, Westchester hills on the north and the great city to the south. It connects naturally with the beautiful Palisades Park directly opposite on the west bank of the river, with which it is joined by a ferry from the foot of Dyckman Street. This is easily one of the most important gifts ever made to the city and will be of inestimable benefit to all the people.

This new park will be under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Palisade Park Commission and doubtless future development will be in harmony with plans that will co-ordinate the best that is in each.



Approach to the Palisades, our new Interstate Park. Reached by the Dyckman Street Ferry.



CHAPTER VI

THE MORRIS HOUSE OR JUMEL MANSION

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS ON WASHINGTON HEIGHTS

COMMANDING a superb view of the Harlem valley, looking south from One Hundred and Sixtieth Street and Jumel Place, stands what is easily the most important building, historically, in New York—the Jumel Mansion. It is reached by the Broadway subway, One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Street station; walk three blocks to the east. Also by the Sixth Avenue elevated, getting off at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street.

The building was erected in 1765 by Lieut. Col. Roger Morris, of the British Forty-seventh Regiment and a member of the King's Council. Morris and Washington were brothers in arms during the unfortunate attack on Fort Du Quesne, in which

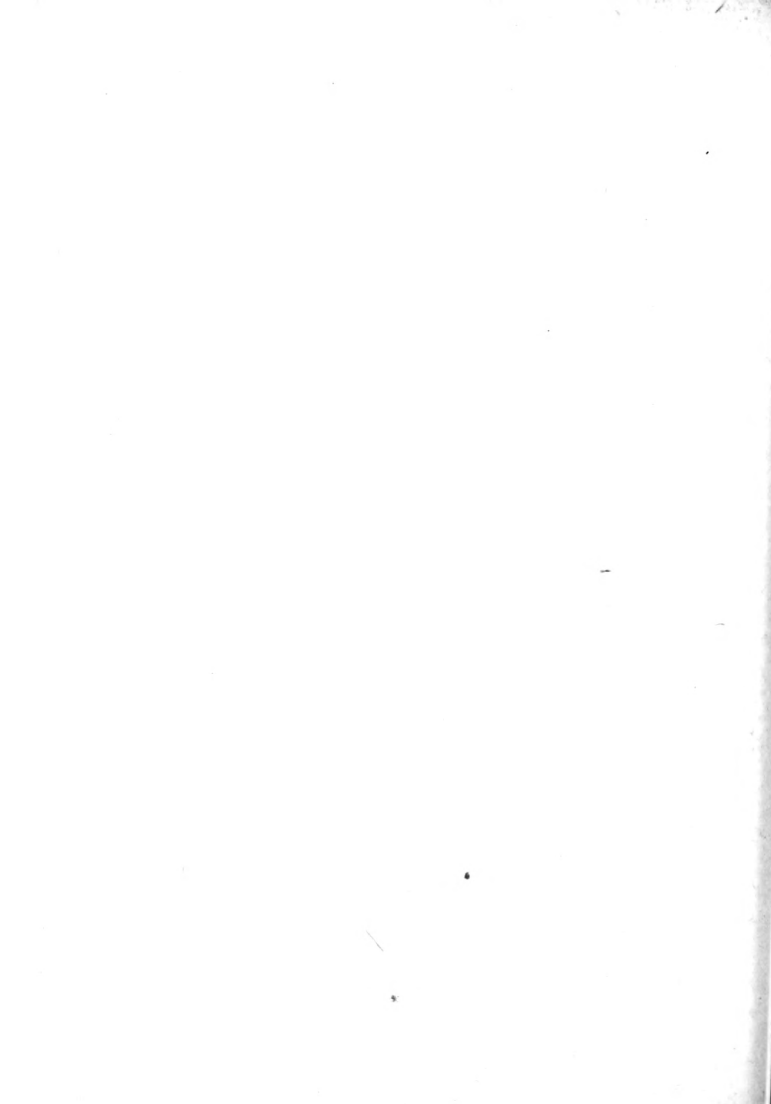
the former was wounded. It is also stated that Mrs. Morris refused the hand of Washington, preferring the dashing young soldier who wore the King's uniform. After the Revolution the estate was confiscated and sold. Meanwhile it looms large in the pages of American history.

It is the building most intimately connected with Washington in New York during hostilities. It was occupied by him as headquarters from September 16 to October 21, 1776—a period of over five weeks. Here he formed plans for the defence of the heights and considered measures for the blockade of the Hudson River. At the same time he issued the remarkable series of general orders now so eagerly read, and at the same time carried on the famous correspondence with William Duer, of the secret Committee of Safety. He had under him nearly 8,000 volunteers, for the larger part wholly untrained, undisciplined and about as motley a crew as ever gathered under any commander.

Most of them enlisted for only about thirty days, and never troubled themselves to procure suitable uniforms. Notwithstanding their common love of country and undoubted patriotism, they were poor material out of which to oppose the regular trained troops of the British, and the result was a severe defeat for the Americans and the capture of Fort Washington. The prisoners were first assembled in the barns on the Morris place, and later transferred to hulks and prison ships in New York. During this exciting period the Morris House was the centre of operations, with Washington as first in command. Upon its surrender to the British, it



Winter night scene, Madison Square Park—Flatiron and Fifth Avenue Buildings.



was occupied by Lieut. General Sir Henry Clinton, and became the headquarters of the invaders all through the summer of 1777. In one of the rooms is shown an old table on which André wrote a letter to Arnold in the presence of his captors.

After Sir Henry's occupancy, the house was used during the summer of 1778 and for the continuation of the war by the Hessian generals and their German staff. With the close of the Revolution the romance of the house for the moment ends, to be renewed at a later date by the wife of Stephen Jumel, a wealthy Frenchman who purchased the house in 1810.

As in the case of all Royalists, the property of Roger Morris was confiscated and sold. In the days of its ill fortune it became an inn, known as Calumet Hall, and was the first stop for a change of horses on the trip to Albany, being then eleven miles from the city proper. In 1790 it flashed forth for an instant in all its old-time splendor—the old Commander-in-chief and his cabinet, after a visit to Fort Washington, tarried here for dinner “provided by a Mr. Marriner,” as the old chronicler records. Among the distinguished guests accompanying the President were Alexander Hamilton, New York's first and greatest statesman, and Washington's chief councillor in the new government, who was then only about thirty years old; Thomas Jefferson, not yet the world-famous personage in history he has since become as the author of the Declaration of Independence; General Knox, little Nellie Custis, John Park Custis, John Adams, vice-president of the United States; Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Hamilton. Truly a notable gathering

and well calculated to once again bring the old house to its old-time dignity. With the departure of these guests the fame of the old mansion seemed also to depart, and for nearly twenty years it stood neglected and forlorn. Its purchase by the wealthy merchant already mentioned served to restore its fallen fortunes for a period, as we find it for over fifty years occupying a conspicuous position in the annals of old New York.

Jumel restored the mansion to the same condition in which it was in Washington's time, thus performing a very valuable public service. When the house finally passed into the possession of the city for all time, it greatly simplified the work of preserving the restoration.

During the Jumel occupation the old house continued to add to its historic reputation. In 1815, after Waterloo, Jumel sailed for France for the purpose of bringing back the great Napoleon here to end his days in exile. But the plan failed and Napoleon died in St. Helena. The Jumels brought back many presents from Napoleon and souvenirs of his reign. His campaigning trunk, a chariot clock from the Tuilleries, a table painted by Josephine and numerous pieces of furniture remained in the house as late as 1889. Stephen Jumel died in 1832 and was buried in old St. Patrick's Cathedral, then in Prince Street.

The next year all New York was stirred by the news that Mme. Jumel had married the notorious Aaron Burr. Since the duel with Hamilton, Burr's fortunes had fallen to a low ebb and the marriage was looked upon as a money-making



© BROWN, BETH

Wall Street, looking west to Trinity Church—Bankers' Trust Company and Equitable Buildings on the right.



scheme. The union did not last long and a separation and divorce soon followed. Mme. Jumel died in 1865, surviving by many years all who connected the Morris House with the Revolution, and was buried in old Trinity Cemetery, at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and Broadway, but a slight distance from the old home in which for so many years she was so prominent a figure. Louis Napoleon, Jerome and Joseph Bonaparte were at times her guests, besides other noted French emigrés.

A niece of Mme. Jumel then occupied the house for many years. Her husband studied law with Burr, and his friends included N. P. Willis and his sister Fanny Fern, James Porter, the poet; Mrs. Blennerhasset and many other literary friends. Fitz-Greene Halleck, on one of his many visits here, wrote his most famous poem, "Marco Bozaris," on a stone in the rear of the house which is still pointed out.

By this time the people of New York became aroused to the historic importance of this house, and after many attempts the property was finally secured through the Washington Heights Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, assisted by the Society of the Sons of the Revolution. The city ultimately purchased the property and formally opened it under the control of the Park Department. In 1907 the Washington Headquarters Association of New York and the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution acquired the use of the house for a museum of historic relics and furnishings of the period of the

Revolution. Each room now contains many interesting items and is designated by name, so that the contents are readily identified.

The most important room is called the Council Chamber, and is the large room at the back of the hall. In Washington's time it was known as the Court Martial Room, and contains one of Washington's china plates decorated with the insignia of the Cincinnati. In this room Washington received visits of the sachems of the Five Nations who offered their allegiance to the American cause. The Guard Room has many relics discovered in the past few years by Mr. Reginald Pelham Bolton, whose work in this field has been unique and wonderfully successful. He and Mr. Calver, another enthusiast, have uncovered a very goodly number of old camp sites, graves and other hidden treasures of Revolutionary days, bringing to light muskets, buttons, old cooking utensils, uniforms, coins, etc. Their work has extended all over the field of the battles of Fort George, Harlem Heights, Fort Tryon and the Dyckman Farm, and their results have added much to our collections of memorabilia of these trying days.

Washington's bedroom is, of course, an object of particular interest. There are few remaining houses where the father of his country slept for so many nights as in the Morris House. This room is now furnished with colonial furniture, of a character the same as used by Washington while here. The office is also interesting, as indeed is every room which the commander-in-chief is known to have occupied personally.

The Lafayette Room is on the second floor and



PHOTO NEW YORK TRIBUNE

The fine Portico of St. Mark's Church, Eleventh Street and Second Avenue, showing the famous lions at the entrance.
Governor Stuyvesant is buried here and also Governor Sloughter.



contains the richly carved bed and sofa actually used by Lafayette on his visit to Charleston, S. C., and one of his gloves. On the second floor in the hall is a copy of the flag used by Washington two and a half years before the making of Betsy Ross' design. It is the English flag, with red and white stripes substituted for the plain red field. Other important items in the house is the Washington table from Fraunces Tavern, Aaron Burr's trunk, Governor Bradford's punch bowl, Governor Trumbull's chair and many other colonial relics appropriately disposed throughout the building.

The view from the piazza of the house is also an important feature of a visit to this famous old mansion. One sees, of course, not the beautiful landscape spread out before the eyes of Washington and his generals, but instead the populous city of New York. The bridges in the foreground, the huge high buildings in the distance, the rumble of the cars across the river, all serve to start a train of thought that is curious in its effect.

The run up to the old headquarters takes not over half an hour and is worth the time. In Trinity Cemetery (this must not be confused with Trinity Grave Yard, downtown), not far from the Jumel Mansion, are also many interesting things to see. The late John Jacob Astor, who perished on the *Titanic*, is buried here, as is also Audubon, the great naturalist, and Clement Moore, who wrote that pretty little poem known by children the world over,

"'Twas the Night before Christmas"



CHAPTER VII

FAMOUS CHURCHES IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK has some very famous sacred edifices. Unquestionably the one which appeals most to strangers is the historic Gothic pile at the head of Wall Street on Broadway—old Trinity, which we have described elsewhere. Next in popular interest comes

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL

St. Paul's Chapel, on Broadway between Vesey and Fulton streets, is of sufficient historical interest to deserve a short chapter by itself. Curiously enough, the Broadway end of the building is the rear, for the church was built fronting on the river; and in the old days a pleasant lawn sloped down to the water's edge, which was then on the line of Greenwich Street. One effect of St. Paul's thus looking away from Broadway, is to give us at the portal an increased sense of remoteness from the

great thoroughfare and of isolation from its strenuous life, so that all the more readily we yield to the pervading spell of the churchyard's peaceful calm.

St. Paul's is a cherished relic of Colonial days. Built in 1766 as a chapel of Trinity Parish, it is the only church edifice which has been preserved from the pre-Revolutionary period. After the burning of Trinity in 1776, St. Paul's became the parish church; here worshipped Lord Howe and Major André and the English midshipman who was afterward King George IV. After his inauguration at Federal Hall in Wall Street, President Washington and both houses of Congress came in solemn procession to St. Paul's, where service was conducted by Bishop Provost, Chaplain of the Senate, and a *Te Deum* was sung. Thereafter, so long as New York remained the capital, the President was a regular attendant here; his diary for Sunday after Sunday contains the entry: "Went to St. Paul's Chapel in the forenoon." Washington's pew remains to-day as it was then; it is midway of the church on the left aisle, and is marked by the Arms of the United States on the wall. Across the church is the pew which was reserved for the Governor of the State, and was occupied by Governor Clinton; above it are the State Arms. The pulpit canopy is ornamented with the gilded crest of the Prince of Wales, a crown surmounted by three ostrich feathers. It is the only emblem of royalty that escaped destruction at the hands of the Patriots when they came into possession of the city in 1783.

In the wall of the Broadway portico, where it is seen from the street and is observed by innumerable

eyes daily, is the Montgomery Monument, in memory of Major-General Richard Montgomery, of Revolutionary fame. It consists of a mural tablet bearing an urn upon a pedestal supported by military accoutrements. General Montgomery commanded the expedition against Canada in 1775, and on December 31st of that year, in company with Colonel Benedict Arnold, led the assault upon Quebec. Just after the exclamation, "Men of New York, you will follow where your general leads!" he fell, mortally wounded. Aaron Burr bore his body from the field, and the Englishmen gave it a soldier's burial in the city. Forty-three years later, in 1818, Canada surrendered the remains to the United States.

The monument had been ordered by Congress as early as 1776. It was bought by Benjamin Franklin in Paris, and was shipped to America on a privateer. A British gunboat captured the privateer, and in turn was taken by an American vessel, and so at last the monument reached its destination. The inscription reads:

This Monument is erected by order of Congress 25th Janry, 1776, to transmit to Posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotic conduct, enterprise and perseverance of Major General Richard Montgomery, who after a series of successes amidst the most discouraging Difficulties Fell in the attack on Quebec 31st Decbr, 1775. Aged 37 years.

The State of New York caused the remains of Majr. Genl. Richard Montgomery to be conveyed from Quebec and deposited beneath this monument the 8th day of July, 1818.

At that time Mrs. Montgomery, in the forty-third



PHOTO F. H. HALL

St. John's Chapel, Varick Street — at one time the center of New York's finest residential section.

year of her widowhood, was living near Tarrytown on the Hudson. Governor Clinton had told her of the day when the steamboat *Richmond*, bearing her husband's remains, would pass down the river; and sitting alone on the piazza of her home she watched for its coming. With what emotions she saw the pageant is told in a letter written to her niece:

"At length they came by with all that remained of a beloved husband, who left me in the bloom of manhood, a perfect being. Alas! how did he return? However gratifying to my heart, yet to my feelings every pang I felt was renewed. The pomp with which it was conducted added to my woe; when the steamboat passed with slow and solemn movement, stopping before my house, the troops under arms, the Dead March from the muffled drums, the mournful music, the splendid coffin canopied with crêpe and crowned with plumes, you may conceive my anguish. I cannot describe it."

The most conspicuous monuments in the churchyard near Broadway are those of Thomas Addis Emmet and Dr. William J. MacNevin, both of whom participated in the Irish rebellion of 1798, came to New York and achieved distinction, Emmet at the bar and MacNevin in medicine. The inscriptions are in English, Celtic and Latin. West of the church is the urn with flames issuing from it, which marks the resting place of George Frederick Cooke, the distinguished tragedian; born in England 1756; died in New York 1812. The monument was erected in 1821 by the great English actor, Edmund Kean, and has been the subject of pious care by Charles Kean, who restored it in 1846, Edward A. Sothorn

in 1874 and Edwin Booth in 1890. The epitaph is by Fitz-Greene Halleck:

*Three Kingdoms claim his birth,
Both hemispheres pronounce his worth.*

St. Paul's is dear to the heart of every New Yorker and will ever so remain.

St. Peter's, a block or two from St. Paul's on Barclay Street, is the oldest Catholic church in the city, and it still holds services in its original location. With these few exceptions the other important churches are far uptown.

St. Thomas's, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street; St. Bartholomew's, on Madison Avenue and Forty-fourth Street; the First Baptist Church, popularly known as "Rockefeller's Church"; St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's, Temple Emanuel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, are all noted structures. A special feature of the services is the music, which is of an unusually high order of excellence. Grace Church, at Tenth Street, and St. Mark's, near Second Avenue, where Governor Stuyvesant is buried, are also in the public eye, and are attended by many of the oldest families.

"The Little Church Around the Corner" is a familiar name for the Church of the Transfiguration, on East Twenty-ninth Street, near Fifth Avenue. The story goes that when in 1871 Joseph Jefferson endeavored to arrange for the funeral of George Holland, a brother actor, at a church on Madison Avenue, the pastor said that he could not hold burial services over the body of an actor. "But," he added, "there is a little church around the corner you can go to." "Then all honor to the little church around



PAUL BROS

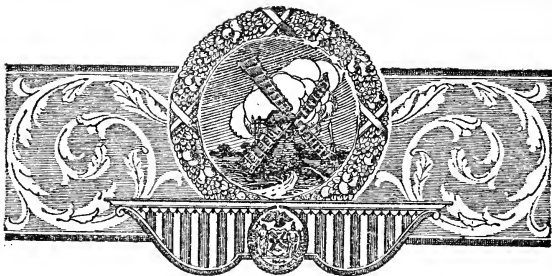
Aquarium at Battery Park, formerly Castle Garden. Whitehall Building on right.

the corner," replied Jefferson. "We will go there." From that time the church and its rector, Rev. George H. Houghton (who died in 1897), were held in affectionate regard by the theatrical profession. Many actors have been buried from the church, among them Lester Wallack, Dion Boucicault and Edwin Booth. There is a memorial window given by the Players (the actors' club), in loving memory of Booth.

JOHN STREET METHODIST CHURCH

The John Street M. E. Church, at 44 John Street, called the "Cradle of American Methodism," is the oldest Methodist Church in America. It was founded by Philip Embury in 1766; the first edifice was erected in 1768, a second one on the same site in 1817, and the present structure in 1841. There are treasured here Philip Embury's Bible, Bishop Asbury's chair and the clock which John Wesley sent over from England, and which still ticks off the time.

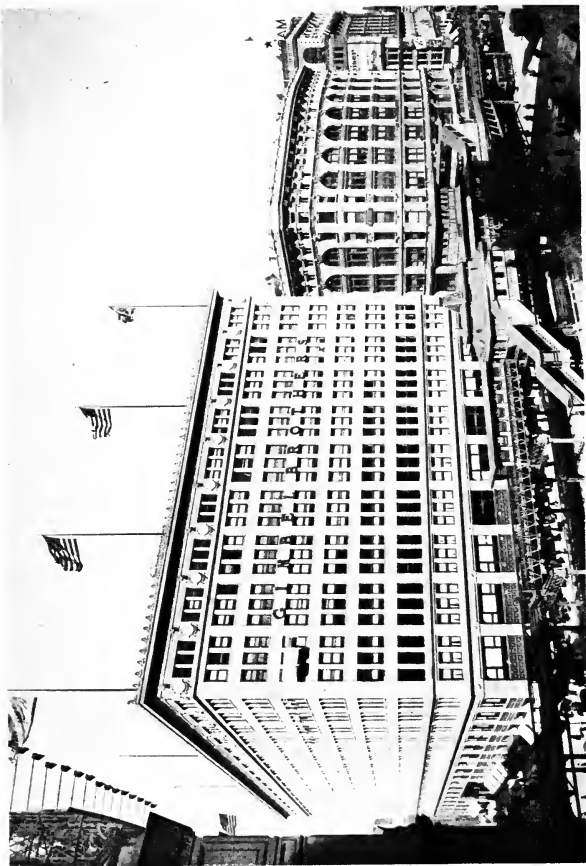
There are over a thousand different churches in New York, the Christian Science being the latest addition. Their buildings deserve special notice by reason of their wonderful architectural beauty. In nearly all the hotels there is a church bulletin issued weekly, which gives the pastor's name, location of church, and in some instances the subject for the coming Sunday. These should be consulted by the stranger, as well as the religious columns in the Saturday evening papers, which contain all the latest church news.



CHAPTER VIII

GREENWICH VILLAGE

THIS is one of the best advertised sections of our little community and displays almost as much skill in getting on the front page as Colonel Roosevelt. To the New Yorker it is rather a pleasant retreat, altogether too far downtown for residential purposes, hence abandoned to those queer people who like to go around in sculptors' aprons, long hair and soft slouch hats, or none at all. It prides itself upon its Bohemianism, its art and its general superiority to the average citizen. To the credit of Greenwich Village, however, let it be said that it does not take itself half so seriously as the rest of the city thinks it does. There are quite a number of creditable performers in the art line in their midst, and publicity never did an artist any harm in the world. So the succession of "fakirs' balls," "costume parties," etc., are to a certain extent strictly business.



© PACH BEHN

Shopping district at intersection of Broadway, Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, one of New York's busiest sections — showing a cluster of retail stores.
Uptown terminal of the Hudson Tunnels.

They are accorded much valuable space in the dailies and everybody's name who is at all well known is sure to be included among those present. They are a harmless lot, and the city reads of their pranks with a smile of indulgence.

The village, however, is, or at least was, a genuine sure-enough village at one time, and commenced its separate existence almost contemporary with New York itself. It was originally an Indian village, through which flowed a very pretty stream called Minetta Water. This brook had its rise near Twenty-first Street on Fifth Avenue, flowed south-erly to about Washington Square (the heart of Greenwich Village) and then westerly to the Hud-son. Its sandy soil seemed to give it immunity from yellow fever, the scourge of New York in early days, in consequence of which large migrations to the village from New York were made in times of a visitation of this dreaded disease.

The beginning of the village as an English settle-ment dates practically from the settlement of Ad-miral Sir Peter Warren, a retired naval officer who built a house on a three-hundred-acre farm pur-chased by him located about where is now Perry and Charles streets. The gridiron plan of squaring all streets, adopted by the commissioners in 1811, cre-ated a queer state of affairs among the cowpaths and cross-lots roads that formed the streets of Greenwich. Consequently you can now walk along West Fourth Street and presently cross at right angles Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth streets. The opening for the new Seventh Avenue subway has still further complicated the situation, so that a man walking up one side of a street in the village

is quite apt to meet himself coming down the other. The isolation of this part of town and its individuality preserved for it an identity that it has never quite lost. It is still Greenwich Village to New Yorkers, and it is well understood that it begins a little below Washington Square, extends north to Fourteenth Street and west to the river. The eastern side of the square also marked the limit of the village in that direction.

For many years it was also known as the "American Ward"—the good old ninth—on account of the almost exclusively native-born population. During the Civil War one of the biggest regiments was sent from this ward, and in a large measure (though it now has a great foreign population) it still strives to keep alive the old patriotism, and it has several live organizations to teach the foreigner all about his new country and make him a loyal citizen.

There are quite a number of interesting relics in the old village. At No. 4 Charles Street still stands the wide three-story brick house at one time occupied by William Astor, brother of the first John Jacob Astor. The house where Tom Paine lived for a time is also shown. The Richmond Hill residence of Aaron Burr and the house from which he left to meet Hamilton for the fatal duel was also here. It was visited by Talleyrand, by Jerome Napoleon and many prominent men in American politics. The old Grove Street Public School (No. 3) is also one of its precious possessions, and at No. 15 Commerce Street lived the sister of Washington Irving. On West Christopher Street, between West and Weehawken streets, is a row of very old wooden buildings, among the oldest on the island.



PHOTO BY H. HALL

The Roger Morris House. One of the most interesting colonial buildings in the city.

The scene of many great historical events and the home of revolutionary legend and romance
Washington's Headquarters during the stormy days of the Revolution.

Popularly known as the Jumel Mansion.

They are shown on old city maps as far back as 1763, which is very old for New York.

Sir Peter's daughters all married Englishmen; one of them the Earl of Abingdon; one Charles Fitzroy, later Baron Southampton, and the third Sir William Skinner. All these names are perpetuated in Abingdon Road, Skinner Road and Fitzroy Road, formerly well known in the village, but now obsolete with the exception of Abingdon, which still clings to the park facing Eighth Avenue and the square. West of Abingdon Square at No. 82 was the home of William Bayard, where Alexander Hamilton breathed his last after having been brought over from Weehawken. Facing the river is Gansevoort market, at one time site of a fort, and one of the principal markets. The north side of Washington Square is still one of the more exclusive society localities in the city, and the two blocks east and west of Fifth Avenue contain more well-known Knickerbocker families than almost any other section of New York. The avenue itself up to Eleventh Street and in the side streets in both directions near the avenue is also the abiding place of some of the oldest families.

There is lacking neither birth nor wealth in old Greenwich even to this day and in addition to its colony of God-gifted geniuses it has also a wonderfully exclusive social atmosphere of its own. Singularly enough, the two sides of the sphere dwell together in harmony and mutual respect, and both are proud of Greenwich Village. Most of the studios are located in Macdougall Alley, which is something else not found in New York except in Greenwich Village.

Years ago the stables connected with the great houses facing the square were directly in the rear, but not connected with the grounds of the houses proper. A carriage street, running at the back, with an entrance on MacDougal Alley, housed the stables. It is these old stables that have now been turned into studios by wealthy artists under the leadership of Mrs. Whitney, and exhibitions in this part of town are well attended by those "in the know." Others who avoid side streets pass them by. Some wonderful work has been produced in this section of the town, and a flourishing society for the encouragement of young native artists has also proved of practical worth.

The chief pride and glory of the village is, of course, the beautiful Washington Arch designed by the late Stanford White, erected and paid for by a few neighbors along Fifth Avenue adjoining the square and the old-timers living along the north side. It celebrates the centennial of Washington's inauguration and was the idea of William Rhinelanders Stewart and his friends who live here. In the park is a statue of Garibaldi, once a resident of New York, and a bust of Holley, inventor of Bessemer steel. At the northeast corner is one of the buildings of the New York University, the main college being at University Heights, where its Hall of Fame attracts much attention. In the old college building, which faced the park on the east, quite some distinction was gained for it by some of the faculty—Morse being one who experimented with his telegraph while on the staff, and Draper, who perfected the daguerreotype and took here the first image of a human face, the original photograph be-

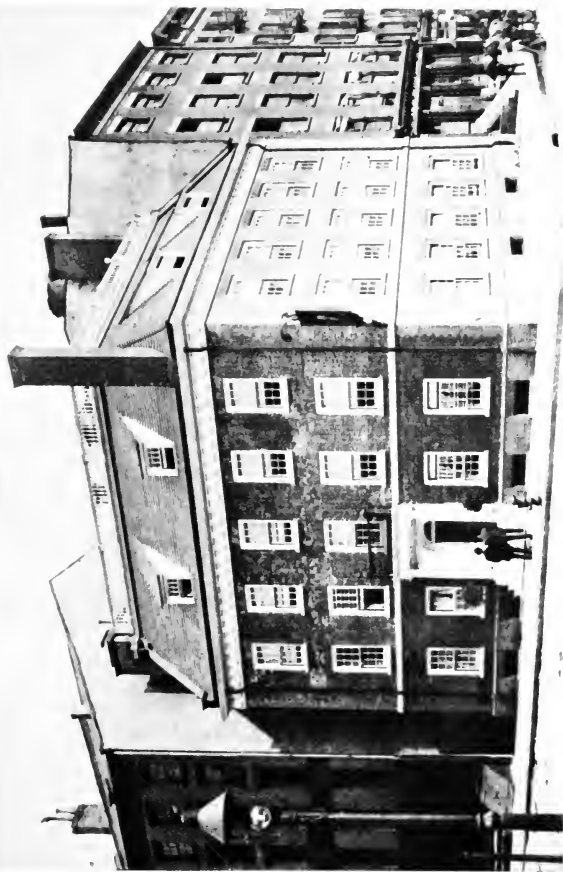


PHOTO BY HALL

Fraunces' Tavern, where Washington took farewell of his officers, Broad and Pearl Streets.

Restored by the Sons of the Revolution to its original appearance.

One of the few buildings closely identified with Washington.

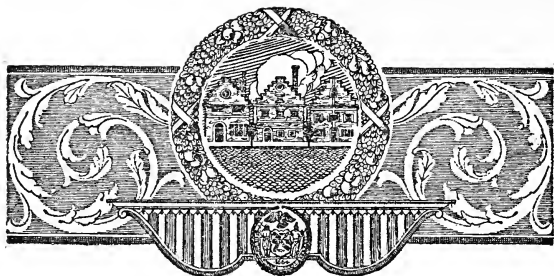


ing now in the British Museum. So, you see, Greenwich Village is quite a place, and you cannot blame New Yorkers for having a rather warm spot in their hearts for the only village now left standing, as it were, in the whole city.

The recent "Festa" given by the villagers in MacDougal Alley for the Red Cross fund was an event which attracted attention the country over. No such artistic achievement was ever before recorded even by those doughty villagers themselves, and the amount of public interest was shown by the attendance, which was so great as to call for a force of police reserves to keep the crowd in line.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Guinness, Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. Delano and a host of nation-wide-known women in society headed the affair, and many thousands of dollars were raised for the fund. It is the backing of such names as these that creates the spell which fascinates the outside world.

Altogether Greenwich Village is a section of our town of which we are all very proud, and we freely forgive their somewhat pardonable weakness for space on the front page.



CHAPTER IX

PLACES OF HISTORIC INTEREST

THE stranger in New York will find many places of historic interest on the island. But few buildings remain, however, of pre-Revolutionary origin, and of the Dutch occupancy not a trace is left. The site of Fort Amsterdam is now occupied by the Custom House at the foot of Broadway, in the corridor of which is a brass tablet recording the history of the site, and in the adjoining rooms ten large mural decorations depict the fort as it originally appeared and, in addition, Bowling Green and eight colonial ports of the seventeenth century. The little oval space in front of the Custom House is the famous Bowling Green, once the heart of New Amsterdam and the centre of our greater New York of to-day. It figures largely in the history of old New York, being first a public market and then a park. It was a common meeting place for the citizens, and in the centre stood a large leaden



PHOTO NEW YORK PUBLIC CO.

Van Cortlandt Mansion, Van Cortlandt Park. Last of the Manor Houses.

Now a museum of colonial relics. One of the few remaining colonial buildings in the city.
Washington stayed here over night twice during the Revolution.



statue of George the third on horseback, which was torn down by the Sons of Liberty in the Revolution.

Battery Park, back of the Custom House, facing the bay, is made ground, and received its name from a battery of guns erected here by the British in 1776. Opposite the west side of the Custom House is the Fort George monument, erected in 1818, to mark the southwest bastion of Fort George, as Fort Amsterdam was called when it came under English rule.

State Street, facing the park, was at one time the most fashionable residential section of the city. Robert Fulton discussed many of the problems connected with the *Clermont* in Chancellor Livingston's house, at No. 3. The house at No. 7 is supposed to be the one which figures in H. C. Bunner's famous "Story of a New York House," and was occupied by Moses Rogers, a famous merchant in those days. Archibald Gracie, Robert Lenox, James D. Wolf, Thomas W. Ludlow, Joseph Phoenix and others equally prominent made up the rest of this block.

No more delightful location for residences in New York can be found to-day. The park was filled with tall poplars and elms and the birds were numerous. At night an impromptu concert was a common occurrence, negro boatmen with banjos, lying a short distance from the shore road, furnishing the music in return for a few coppers tossed to the boats. It was a delightful spot and fought a valiant though losing fight against the steady encroachment of business.

The view of New York Bay from the Battery is

one of the most entrancing marine pictures to be found in this or any other country. The wonderfully clear atmosphere which prevails in New York adds enchantment to the sparkle of the green waters of the sea, and the constant movement of the ships make a scene never to be forgotten. The huge Atlantic liners here make their last adieus to New York before starting on their long journey across the ocean, and here again the eye of the returning traveller is gladdened by the first sight of land. The best known young lady in New York is just in front of you—Miss Liberty—and behind her is the Ellis Island you read about so often in the papers. To the left is Governor's Island, General Bell's headquarters, and on the mainland in front of you is the emigrant landing stage, where all foreigners are finally permitted to land after having passed a satisfactory examination at the Island.

On the right is another very interesting building—the Aquarium. This fort—for such it was originally—was built during the war of 1812 to defend New York from attack by sea. It then stood about 300 feet from the shore and was named Castle Clinton, after DeWitt Clinton, one of our leading citizens at that time, and builder of the Erie Canal. In later years it was leased to the city for a public amusement hall and became known as Castle Garden. Here Lafayette was welcomed in 1824, and in 1850 Jenny Lind sang here to the delight of multitudes under the management of P. T. Barnum. In '51 Louis Kossuth was received, and soon after it became what Ellis Island now is—the receiving station for emigrants. It is not beyond the truth to say that this old building is the best known struc-



PHOTO BY H. HALL

St. Paul's Church and Park Row—Woolworth Building on left,
Municipal Building on right, in distance.



ture in America. Millions of men and women passed through its portals from 1855 to 1891, and they are to-day scattered in every part of the Union. They not only remember Castle Garden themselves, but have spoken of it many times to their children, and so it is probably quite true to speak of it as the best known building in America.

In 1896 it was opened as an aquarium, and in 1902 was turned over to the care of the New York Zoological Gardens, under whose jurisdiction it now is. Its collection of tropical fishes is wonderful. Its seals, octopuses, devil fish and other rare specimens attract a large attendance, the total exceeding two millions a year. Open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Admission free.

Not far from the Aquarium stands the statue of John Ericsson, inventor of the *Monitor*, and saviour of New York from bombardment by the *Merrimac*, which he defeated in Hampton Roads during the Rebellion. Ericsson's invention ended wooden warships and ushered in the iron-clad. A little south of the Ericsson statue is the flagstaff where formerly stood the British flag at the time of the evacuation in 1783. Van Arsdale, an American, climbed the pole which the British had greased, and succeeded in lowering the flag before the enemy had all departed. Each anniversary of this event now sees a descendant of Van Arsdale run up the American flag at the earliest moment permissible on Evacuation Day.

Not far from this flagstaff is a statue, erected by the Italians of our city in 1909 to Verrazano, to commemorate his visit to New York Harbor in 1524. All around the neighborhood are various tablets,

erected by patriotic societies to commemorate some noted site in the past history of the city.

Leaving the vicinity of the old fort, we go along Pearl Street a short distance, till we come to the corner of Broad, where stands perhaps the most interesting building in New York, with the possible exception of the Jumel Mansion on Washington Heights—Fraunces' Tavern.

This building is the headquarters of the Sons of the Revolution, and on the second floor occurred that memorable parting between Washington and his officers in December, 1783. The entire building has been carefully reconstructed from data supplied by existing records, so that we have this famous old tavern exactly as it appeared when kept by the famous old innkeeper—"Black Sam" Fraunces. The structure was originally the private residence of Etienne De Lancey in 1719 and stood on the edge of the water. It is one of the three places in New York identified with the memory of Washington that are still standing; the Van Cortlandt Mansion in Van Cortlandt Park and the Roger Morris House (Jumel Mansion) being the other two. A tablet to the memory of Frederick Samuel Tallmadge, on the Broad Street side, whose munificence enabled the society to purchase and restore the building is of interest.

The building before the Sons of the Revolution acquired it had fallen to a very low estate, the ground floor being occupied by a second-rate saloon. From this unseemly fate it was happily rescued, and is now one of the most interesting buildings of the Revolutionary period in the city. In 1768 the New York Chamber of Commerce was organized in

the same long room which was also the scene of Washington's farewell, and altogether the tavern looms large in the history of old New York. There is now a well-conducted restaurant on the main floor with many relics in the museum above. Altogether, a pleasant hour can be spent in the old rooms. Subway, surface and elevated cars land you within a very short distance of the building, which is also included in the downtown route of the various sight-seeing cars.

Coming out of the tavern and walking along Broad Street to Wall Street you pass the noisy aggregation of callow youths known as "curb" brokers. By some unwritten law they occupy the middle of the street and make the neighborhood hideous with their yelling and shouting. As the original Stock Exchange commenced very much in the same way, custom seems to have sanctioned the right of the embryo brokers to the public thoroughfare and no one objects. They deal principally in small odd lots, and in securities not yet recognized by the regular exchange.

You have no sooner passed this crowd than you are directly in front of the marble-columned building of the Stock Exchange proper, and the bedlam which you have just heard becomes faint in comparison with the roaring of the "bulls" and "bears" inside the building, to say nothing of the plaintive bleating of the shorn "lambs" outside. Admission to the Stock Exchange is by card, which may readily be obtained upon application to any banker or broker in the vicinity.

On the left, as you turn the corner of Broad Street, stands Trinity Church, on Broadway, facing

Wall Street, and but a few yards distant. As this is the oldest church in New York and the most famous, a few moments will be well spent in its hallowed precincts.

The present building is the third to be erected. The first (1696) was destroyed in the great fire of 1776, the second (1789) was declared unsafe (1837) and torn down. The present edifice was opened for service in 1848. For more than two hundred years the spire of Trinity was the most noted landmark in the city of New York. For many years visitors were allowed to climb the many steps up its steeple, and their energy was well rewarded by the magnificent view of the city and harbor spread out before their eyes.

To-day it is hard to find the steeple, so closely is it guarded by the surrounding skyscrapers, and it barely reaches to half the height of the buildings directly around it. It is about one-third the height of the Woolworth Building, a few blocks north of it on Broadway. Trinity Church has played a great part in the social and religious life of our city, and enjoys a large place in the affections of the people. Many persons wonder why Washington selected St. Paul's Chapel instead of the much more noted parent church for his devotional attendance, forgetting that during Washington's residence in New York Trinity was still in ruins and was not rebuilt till after his departure.

Entering the church yard directly from Broadway we stand in front of the monument erected to that gallant sailor, Captain James Lawrence, of "Don't give up the ship" fame. On the south side directly opposite is the monument to the Martyrs





© PAUL BROS.

The Great Chelsea Piers, 800 feet long, which can accommodate the largest vessels afloat. From Twelfth to Twenty-Second Streets, North River. New piers 1000 feet long planned by R. A. C. Smith, Dock Commissioner, are now building farther north.

of the Revolution—those who died in prisons. Facing Rector Street is the memorial to Robert Fulton, who is buried beneath in the Livingston family vault, and near him is that of William Bradford, the first printer in New York. The pathetic story of Charlotte Temple is recalled by the beautiful monument to her memory, as is also the tragic death of Alexander Hamilton by his imposing cryptograph. The grave of V. M. L. Davis, Aaron Burr's second in the duel, is also here. Marinus Willett, General Phil Kearney, Samuel Johnson, president of King's College (now Columbia); Albert Gallatin, Augustus Van Horne, Sidney Breese, Lady Cornbury, Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling; General Clarkson, Rev. Dr. Barclay, the second of Trinity's rectors, all suggest prominent families still living in the city and whose members maintain the social importance of their forebears.

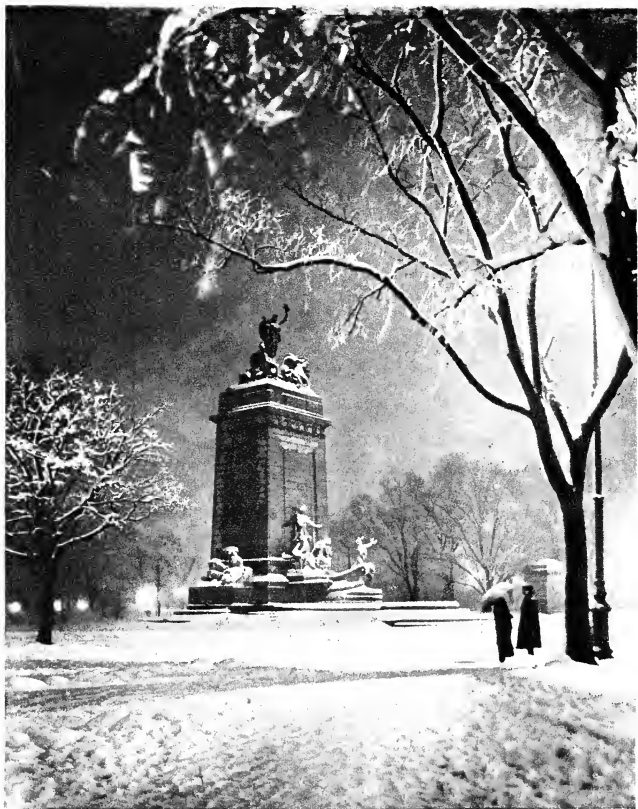
The beautiful bronze doors by St. Gaudens, Karl Bitter and J. Massey Rhind is the gift of W. W. Astor, while the beautiful reredos is also an Astor gift by J. J. and Wm. Astor. Facing Broadway is a memorial drinking fountain, the gift of Henry C. Swords in memory of his mother. A beautiful cross in the centre of the north side is a memorial of Mrs. Astor by her daughter. Altogether Trinity is not only old in historic association, but its monuments and memorials are of an unusually interesting character. Beautiful stained-glass windows ornament the interior, together with several memorial tablets, including one to a party of Scotchmen who were shipwrecked off the coast of Sandy Hook in 1783.

The charm of old Trinity, rich in associations

of the past, is not hard to understand. The quietness and repose of this secluded spot is in striking contrast to the roar and bustle of Broadway just outside. Although far removed from the present homes of its parishioners and completely isolated from any social centre of the city, this fine old church continues to attract a distinguished audience every Sunday and apparently suffers nothing from its out-of-the-way location. The church is open daily and is rarely without visitors from all parts of the world, and an hour spent in old Trinity is likely to prove one of the most delightful memories of the trip to New York.

AUDUBON'S HOME IN NEW YORK

Riverside Drive takes its majestic course north from Seventy-second Street with scarcely a break until it comes to the classic buildings of the Hispanic Society of America, at One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street. There it swerves sharply to the east and in the little corner below the Viaduct this march of improvement has been stayed, providentially perhaps, for in the little bend thus formed by the curve is the former home of not only a citizen of New York, but a citizen of the world. For wherever wild birds sing and wherever children live, wherever men and women are, the name of John James Audubon is more familiar perhaps than that of any of the other great naturalists whose work and fame are our common heritage. For Audubon chose as his field of labor the most delightful, most fascinating and most romantic of all woodland fancies—the study of birds. And to a naturally beautiful subject he brought a genius



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. ORR, NEW YORK

Maine Monument, Columbus Circle, entrance to Central Park.

and a persistence that have made him one of the world's marvels.

Gifted by nature with a constitution that defied disease and fatigue, imbued with an enthusiasm which knew no bounds, Audubon braved everything, suffered everything in the pursuit of his object. Now living among the Indians, now alone in some primeval region, in tropic heat and arctic cold, no exposure, no physical suffering ever brought a moment's hesitation. Only once was this precious life in danger ere the stupendous task was completed.

In the year when Audubon lived in New York, the squalid, unkempt and neglected corner where his house now stands formed one of the show places of the metropolis. In those days it was not in the city proper and a writer of that time spoke of his home as being on "the banks of the Hudson River, in the village of Carmansville, a short distance from New York." A visitor to Audubon in 1846 thus describes the house: "The house is simple and unpretending in its architecture, beautifully embowered amid elms and oaks. Several graceful fawns and a noble elk were stalking in the shade of the trees, apparently unconscious of the presence of dogs, and not caring for the numerous turkeys, geese and other domestic animals that gabled and screamed around them. Nor did my own approach startle the wild, beautiful creatures that seemed as docile as any of their tame companions." A great change has since overtaken this once beautiful tree-embowered homestead. A more forlorn, desolate and dispiriting section is not to be found in the city nor within a day's walk of it

than the old home in which the greatest naturalist of all time lived during the zenith of his career, and whose occupancy brought distinction and renown to our city.

It is not fair, however, to say that the city has done nothing for the memory of Audubon. The National Government having caused one of the peaks of the Rockies to be named Mount Audubon, the Common Council of the city permitted a street to be named Audubon Avenue. Several real estate operators in that section have named their apartments after the great naturalist, and there is also a moving picture theatre of that name. A telephone central office is also called Audubon, so that it cannot be said that New York is wholly indifferent to the claims of her most distinguished naturalist. The statue that was to be erected in Central Park never advanced any further than its original projection in 1852, and the one in the Museum of Natural History is a private contribution. All this might be forgiven if only the old home could be saved.

We are glad to say that there is now a movement on foot under the initiative of the New York Historical Society to erect a memorial bridge and put up a brass tablet at the point where Riverside Drive turns around at the old home. It has not been found practical to convert what remains of the land into a park, as has been suggested, but the Historical Society feels that it should at least be forever identified. A committee composed of Mr. Gerard Beekman, Mr. F. D. Weekes and Mr. Richard Henry Greene has been appointed to arrange the details.



© EDWIN LEVICK

Lower New York from East River; the Battleship "Wyoming" is steaming up to the
Brooklyn Navy Yard.

NEW YORK IN PRE-REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

Before the Revolution and for many years afterward the centre of literary activity was largely in New England. This accounts in a measure for the fact that, notwithstanding New York's brilliant part in the events which led up to that important event, it is only of recent years that she is getting a larger share of credit than formerly. Zenger's *New York Journal* was the only paper in the Colonies to openly criticise the royal authority, and during the suppression of his paper none of the other provinces were brave enough to let it be published within their confines. And at last, when the attempt to coerce and muzzle his publication was ended, and the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty" to the charge of treason and sedition, it was a New York jury that had the moral courage to render such a decision. And so to New York the Republic owes its freedom of the press.

In a similar way the beginning of the Revolution was postponed from 1765 to 1776, solely because the royal authorities in New York yielded to the threat of a mob, who demanded that the obnoxious stamps be given up to them for confiscation—which was done forthwith and the threatened Revolution avoided for the time. In a similar way the far-famed Boston Tea Party had its counterpart in New York a year or two before this noted event. Capt. Lovelace, who arrived with a cargo of tea, was politely escorted to Murray's Dock, at the foot of Wall Street, amid the yelling and cheering of practically the entire population, and ordered to leave the harbor at once with his objectionable cargo. An armed conflict between the populace and

the British soldiers occurred at John and William streets several months before the Boston massacre, and New York is safely entitled to claim the first blood shed in the Revolution.

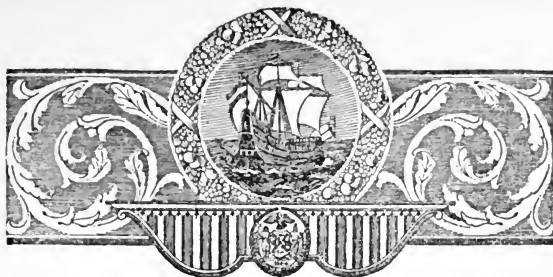
The stoppage by Marinus Willett of the attempt to withdraw arms and ammunition from Fort George at a critical moment marked also an important event in affairs leading up to the Revolution, as showing the temper and bravery of the people in the face of real danger. It certainly required some spirit to halt an armed garrison and order them back to the fort. And last, but not least, the merchants of old New York were the only ones to faithfully live up to the signed agreement regarding non-importations of goods from Britain.

New York has always been so busy, so pre-occupied with its ever-pressing commercial growth, that it has paid little attention to affairs purely sentimental, as they consider this to be. It is content to stand by the record. But if this record is seldom published they are bound to suffer by comparison with other communities who get out new books about it every spring and every fall. Our amicable little friend at the head of Massachusetts Bay is entitled to the plaudits of the multitude for the splendid manner in which she has persistently and consistently advertised herself as the sole star in that famous American drama, the Revolution. But it is not fair to give the impression that New York had only one speaking line, like "the carriage awaits, my lord." And Philadelphia should also not treat with such superb disdain the mere suggestion that New York is anything but a city of Philistines.



The City Hall.

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CHAPTER X

NEW YORK'S MEN OF LETTERS

WASHINGTON IRVING

ELSEWHERE in these pages I have referred to the indifference of New York to its position in the history of our country, and with equal justice I may add its similar attitude toward literature. Yet Washington Irving, a New Yorker, was acclaimed the first American man of letters of his day, and the first to receive for American literature the recognition and plaudits of the Old World. When he went to England in the midst of the War of 1812, he was at once cordially welcomed by Sir Walter Scott and his friends, not merely as a fellow-craftsman of distinction, but as an American genius, above the petty decisions of Cabinets regarding peace or war.

We see him once more in the falling shadows of a closing day. It is in the garden of a friend's

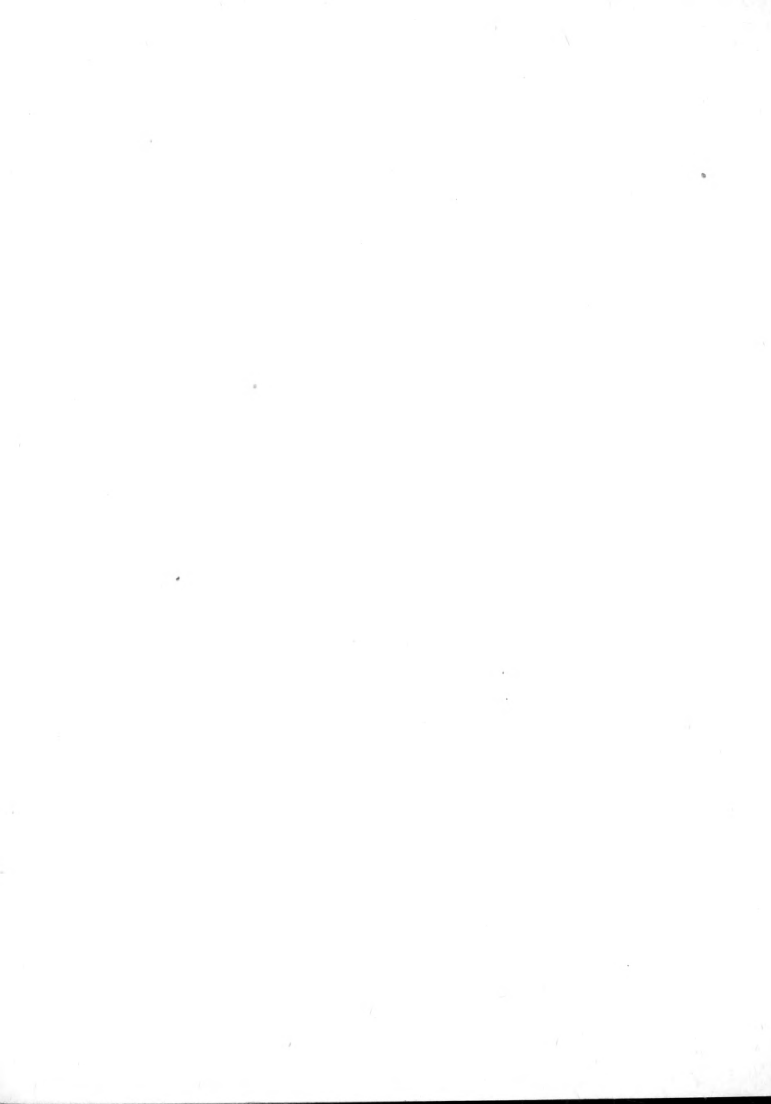
house in sunny Spain—and beyond are the storied columns of the ancient Alhambra. Two little girls are on his knee, to whom he is telling strangely fascinating tales. Childish laughter breaks upon the quiet scene. In a retired little English village still lives one of these little girls. To-day, as ex-empress of a half-forgotten empire, its people once more struggling for existence against the old-time foe, does Eugenie Marie de Montijo recall the days of merry, care-free childhood, and that cultured, gentle scholar from old New York? It is the last leaf on the tree.

Washington Irving's genius only gains by the lapse of time. His inimitable history of New York has more readers to-day than ever before, and copies of the first edition of this delightful story are eagerly purchased at constantly advancing prices. Even his method of introducing "Diedrich Knickerbocker" to the public is equal to any other work he ever wrote. Although essentially an advertisement, the conception and execution of the idea is delightfully quaint and so whimsical as to be well worth reproducing. It took the form of a number of supposed genuine communications to the *Evening Post* regarding the disappearance of an old gentleman named Diedrich Knickerbocker.

As will be seen, these communications were excellently adapted to arouse interest and sympathy regarding the fate of old Diedrich, and readily excited considerable curiosity regarding the book which he had left behind and which the irascible old innkeeper was determined to seize. The result amply justified Irving's expectations, as all New York was agog to see what "very curious kind of



Battery Park, showing excursion crowds at the pier and an Atlantic greyhound steaming to her dock. Whitehall Building on right.



a book" old Knickerbocker had written. But I shall let Irving tell the story in his own way.

The first notice appeared as an item of news and was headed:

DISTRESSING

Left his lodgings some time since, and has not since been heard of, a small elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of *Knickerbocker*. As there are some reasons for believing he is not entirely in his right mind, and as great anxiety is entertained about him, any information concerning him left either at the Columbian Hotel, Mulberry Street, or at the office of this paper, will be thankfully received.

A few days were allowed to elapse and then the following letter appeared:

To the Editor of the "Evening Post."

SIR: Having read in your paper of the 26th October last a paragraph respecting an old gentleman by the name of *Knickerbocker*, who was missing from his lodgings, if it would be any relief to his friends, or furnish them with any clew to discover where he is, you may inform them that a person answering the description given was seen by the passengers of the Albany stage, early in the morning, about four or five weeks since, resting himself by the side of the road, a little above King's Bridge. He had in his hand a small bundle tied in a red bandanna handkerchief: he appeared to be travelling northward, and was very much fatigued and exhausted.

A TRAVELLER.

A period of ten days then intervened before any more was printed, and then the following letter by the supposed landlord appeared:

To the Editor of the "Evening Post."

SIR: You have been good enough to publish in your paper a paragraph about Mr. *Diedrich Knickerbocker*, who was missing so strangely some time since. Nothing satisfactory has been heard of the old gentleman since; but *a very curious kind of a written book* has been found in his room, in his own handwriting. Now I wish you to notice him, if he is still alive, that if he does not return and pay off his bill for boarding and lodging I shall have to dispose of his book to satisfy me for the same.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

SETH HANDASIDE,

Landlord of the Independent

Columbian Hotel, Mulberry St.

Another two weeks passes and then the well-known publishers, Inskeep and Bradford, enter the scene with the announcement that they have been selected as the publishers of *Diedrich's book*, as will be seen from the following:

LITERARY NOTICE

INSKEEP AND BRADFORD have in press,
and will shortly publish,

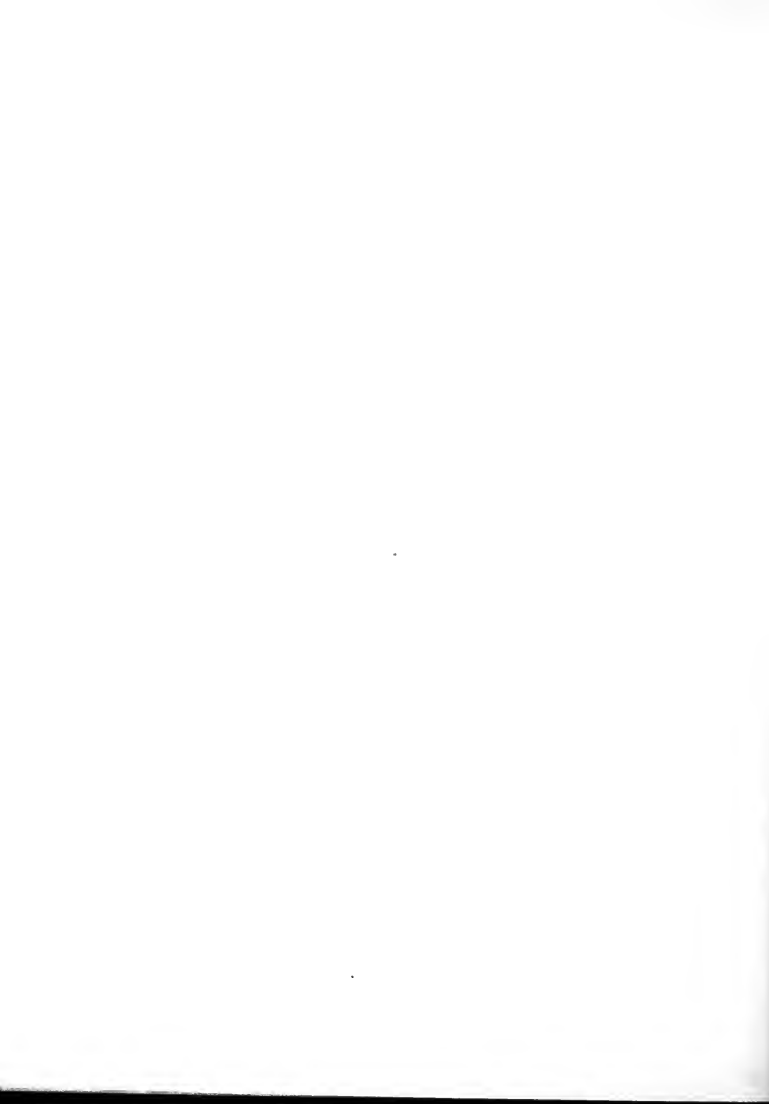
A HISTORY OF NEW YORK
In two volumes, duodecimo

Price, three dollars



PHOTO BY H. H. HALL

Poe Cottage—old home of Edgar Allan Poe—now a public park, Kingsbridge Road.
Restored and cared for by the Bronx Society of Arts and Sciences.



Containing an account of its discovery and settlement, with its internal policies, manners, customs, wars, etc., etc., under the Dutch government, furnishing many curious and interesting particulars never before published, and which are gathered from various manuscript and other authenticated sources, the whole being interspersed with philosophical speculations and moral precepts.

This work was found in the chamber of Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker, the old gentleman whose sudden and mysterious disappearance has been noticed. It is published in order to discharge certain debts he has left behind.

Finally appears this notice of the book itself:

Is this day published
BY INSKEEP AND BRADFORD, No. 128 Broadway
A HISTORY OF NEW YORK
In two volumes, duodecimo
Price, three dollars

Then follows a description of the book as given above and thus is finished a very clever piece of advertising which would do credit to the profession even to-day.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

Two other contemporaries of Irving's have also left an impress on English literature—Joseph Rod-

man Drake and Fitz-Greene Halleck. Their first work, done in collaboration, appeared anonymously in the columns of the *Post* in a series of brilliantly satirical papers entitled "The Croakers," which, while they lasted, created the utmost excitement in our then small city, where everybody knew each other and where the clever shafts of wit rarely missed their mark. In our day and generation, it is quite difficult to understand the intense interest taken in these papers, but they quite rivalled the letters of Junius of a slightly earlier day. This style was a favorite form of polished writing in those days, and the fame of "The Croakers" letters quickly became widespread. A devoted friendship sprang up between the two men and the early death of Drake (at the age of twenty-five) was to Halleck a sorrow which he never forgot. His lament over the death of his young friend remains still one of the most touching tributes in English poetry.

Drake's most famous work is "The Culprit Fay," though his "American Flag" is also immensely popular. But for beautiful imagery, for exquisite fancy, for charm and sweetness, few poems in any language excel "The Culprit Fay." Drake may well be acclaimed one of America's great poets. Lorenzo bewitches us no more with his "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank" than does the elfin Fay with his "glimmering spark caught from the trail of a shooting star." We reproduce the poem here in part and feel sure our readers will be glad to peruse a work of which they have often heard, but which they may have hitherto neglected.

The poem opens with the gathering of the Fays:

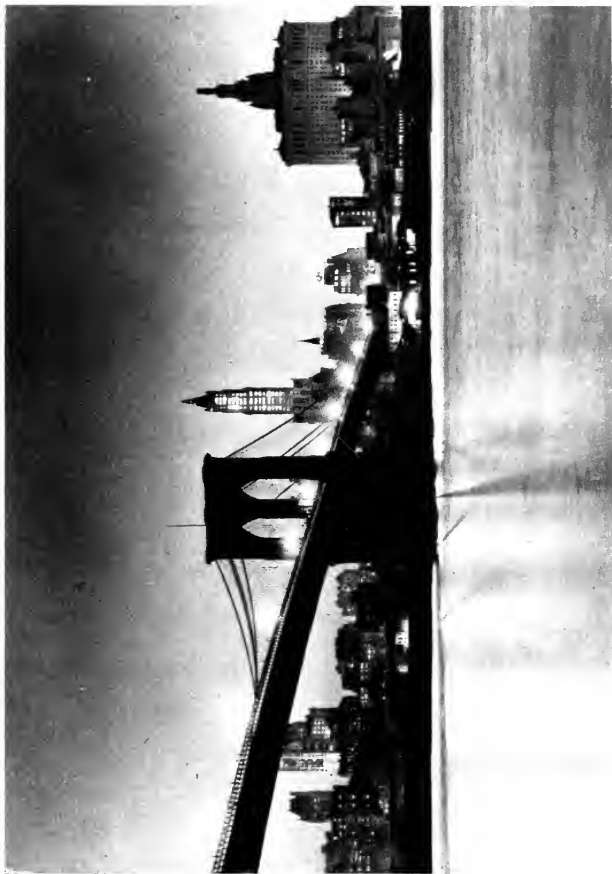


PHOTO NEW YORK EDISON CO.

Brooklyn Bridge at night.



THE CULPRIT FAY

'Tis the middle watch of a summer night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless
sky,

And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cronest,
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.
'Tis the hour of fairly ban and spell;
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elfe
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell);
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
'Tis is the dawn of the fairy day."

A sad thing, however, befalls the fairy band—
one of them falls in love with an earthly maiden:

A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid.

A conclave is held and it is decreed that the disobedient Fay should suffer a doom which is told in the following lines:

Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright sunshine.
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow
The water-sprites will wield their arms
And dash around, and roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might:
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

The rest of the poem is an exquisite description of his adventures in the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, and the poet depicts the wanderings of the little sinner in the most beautiful imagery and charming style.

Through it all the elfin is faithful to his mortal love and is ultimately welcomed back:

Ouphe and Goblin! Imp and Sprite!
Elf of eve! and starry Fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither, hither wend your way;
Twine ye in a jocund ring,

Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.
Hail the wanderer again
With dance and song, and lute and lyre,
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

FRITZ-GREENE HALLECK

Next to his poem lamenting the death of his young friend Drake, beginning with those well-remembered lines:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

he is probably known best for his "Marco Bozzaris," written, as has already been told, on a visit to Washington's headquarters. It has been a favorite theme of the graduating high school orator (with accompanying gestures suggesting a marionette) for nearly a hundred years.

New York also owes another and very substantial debt to Halleck, for it is generally conceded that when the idea of presenting the city with a handsome library occurred to the first John Jacob Astor, Halleck, who enjoyed great intimacy with him, entered enthusiastically into the plan and along with Washington Irving did what he could to promote

the scheme. For the extent of that debt we have only to look at the handsome building on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

EDGAR ALLEN POE

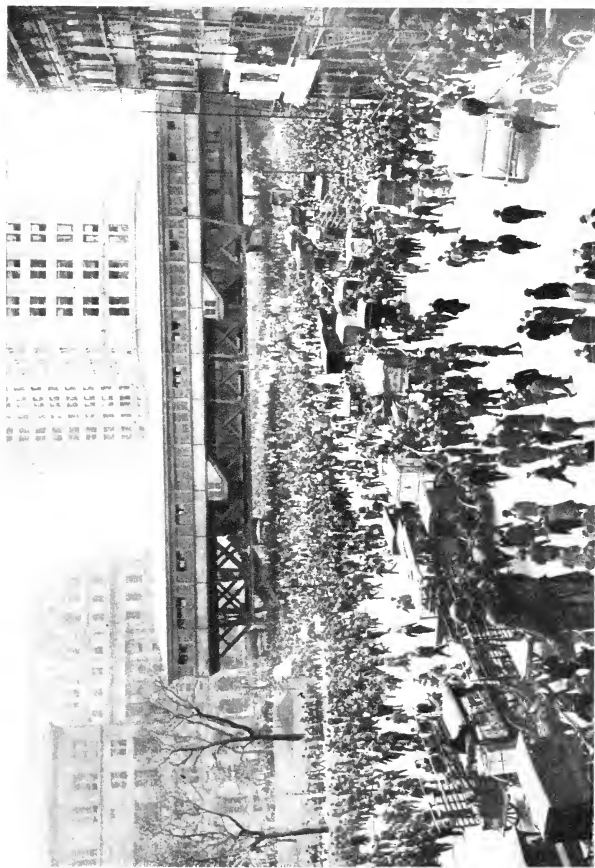
In the Bronx there is now a public park with a small cottage therein. That is the home of that strange and erratic genius, Edgar Allan Poe. Not far from this modest cottage rise the stately columns of the Hall of Fame of the New York University, where Poe has obtained a seat among the mighty. Although not a born New Yorker, it was here that Poe's most important work was done and for your scrapbook we include one of his most delightful poems:

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.
I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than
love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,





© EDWIN LEVICK

Brooklyn Bridge—Rush-hour crowds. Said to be the busiest spot in the world.

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the side of the sea.

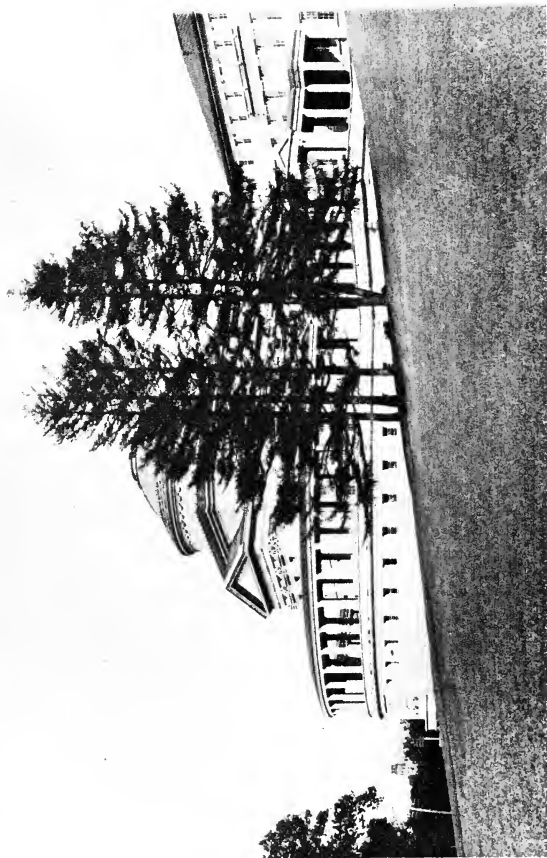
JULIA WARD HOWE

Were this chapter to embrace even a small pro-

portion of New York's great men of letters, it would necessitate the preparation of an extra volume. We shall end the present symposium with one other entrant—Julia Ward Howe. It is only six years since Julia Ward Howe died, but already the story of her girlhood in New York City seems as far off and as different from the life of to-day as if she had been born centuries ago instead of 1819. Her father, Samuel Ward, was prominent in the financial life of the city. He was a member of Prime, Ward & King, an important banking company, and the founder and first president of the Bank of Commerce. He was also one of the founders of the New York University, the Stuyvesant Institute and other important public institutions. He had a large house at the corner of Broadway and Bond Street, then far out of town, from which it was separated by woods and fields.

When Miss Julia and her two sisters grew up, so lovely and charming were they that they were known as the "Three Graces of Bond Street." In the biography of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe by her daughters the following quotation from a "private journal" of a visitor to the family was given:

"Walked down Broadway with all the fashion and met the pretty blue-stockings, Miss Julia Ward, and her admirer, Dr. Howe, just home from Europe. She had on a blue cloak and a white muslin dress. I looked to see if she had on blue stockings, but I think not. I suspect that her stockings were pink, and she wore low slippers, as grandma does. They say she dreams in Italian and quotes French verses. She sang very prettily



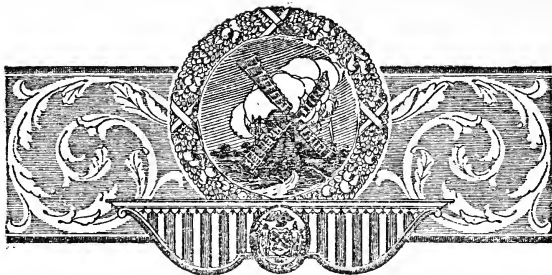
PHOTOGRAPH

Hall of Fame and Memorial Library, New York University, University Heights.

at a party last evening and accompanied herself on the piano. I noticed how white her hands were."

In the dark days of the Civil War a longing for some song, more spiritual, and on a higher plane, than any yet written seemed to be in the hearts of our people. And Julia Ward Howe gave it expression in that greatest of all hymns:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord,
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored,
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible
swift sword,
His truth is marching on!



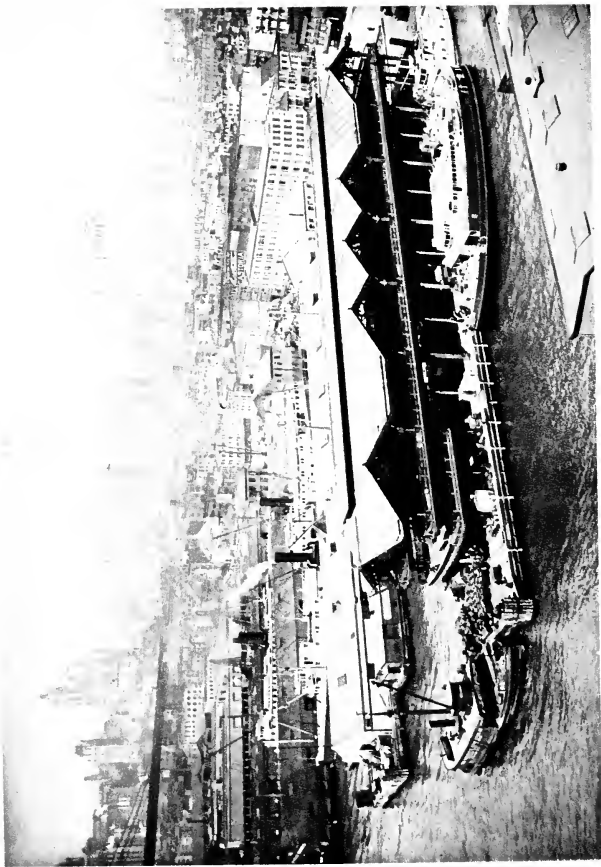
CHAPTER XI

"DIRECT FROM BROADWAY, ORIGINAL NEW YORK CAST"

So RUNS the legend on the bills that announce the coming of another New York success to the provinces. And yet many a good play—for instance, "The Yellow Jacket"—has failed in the Metropolis only to find unbounded success on the road. Oh, the joy of being the rejected stone that becomes the chief stone of the corner!

Well, here you are right in New York, and on Broadway, too. Some two thousand places of entertainment are open for you. Which shall you choose—comedy, tragedy, light opera, grand opera, vaudeville, circus, concert, pantomime, recitals of all kinds, or movies? About seventy-five or eighty of these houses are legitimate, serious theatres, featuring the best productions and employing the highest class talent. The balance are mostly photo-plays, ranging from \$2 admission down to five cents.





© EDWIN LEVICK

East River Docks and South Street above Brooklyn Bridge.

Aside from the regular theatre, with which every one is familiar, New York rejoices in one or two enterprises materially different from the usual run. The Hippodrome, for instance, is unlike any other playhouse in America, and everything in it is planned on a scale so enormous as to belittle all others by comparison. It is mainly given up to a performance which pleases the eye more than anything else. Its scientifically patented water tank, enabling the players to submerge and disappear completely, always produces its thrill when seen for the first time. Battling hosts are forced into the "sea" and "drowned" before your very eyes. The stage is larger itself than the whole of an ordinary theatre, and the auditorium in proportion, consequently speaking parts are practically out of the question except for the actor with a voice like a megaphone. The plays are mostly spectacular with plenty of chorus singing and several old-time circus acts in which an elephant usually appears. Fred Thompson, who conceived the Hippodrome, thought the elephant an emblem of good luck and adopted this for the chief scheme of decoration.

The next unique playhouse is undoubtedly the Strand, where moving pictures are given with a wonderful orchestra of about fifty players, and in addition a good soloist or quartette. The stage is gorgeously grand, producing a stunning effect. It has special lighting arrangements, and the whole scheme is decidedly pleasing and refined. It has certainly done much to elevate the standard of the movies, and is a great success. Other houses have since followed suit, and those visitors who have not been able to patronize anything but the local livery

turned into an open-air theatre will be very much impressed by the elaborateness of the movie in New York.

There are also a number of "intimate" theatres, as they are called—small places seating from one hundred and fifty to three hundred persons. Here you avoid the vulgar crowd and usually see one of those wholly uninteresting but excessively intellectual productions that require a small auditorium in order that the audience may be seen with the naked eye. This season, however, the show business has been so profitable that several genuinely good plays have found their way into these dramatic cold storage vaults, and have played to capacity. This development has also shown that the small theatre has its attractions, and they have grown in popularity quite amazingly. They also rejoice in a new school of nomenclature, like "The Bandbox," "The Little Theatre," "The Punch and Judy," etc., which is a distinct improvement over naming it after the plumber who built the structure or the man who owned the lot.

If you do not enjoy the play you are very apt to enjoy the clothes. For the actress of New York is a genuine artiste, in a sartorial sense at least, and is a good-looking object on the stage, even if she has no other excuse for being there. In the morning scene (about noon) she arises arrayed in an intine robe of orchid chiffon with silver lace banding, with dull blue chiffon overdress. When she goes for her morning constitutional she is clad in a tailored covert suit, white broadcloth collar, bright with Bulgarian embroidery to relieve the severity.





AMERICAN STUDIO

Broad Street—looking from present Curb Market to Wall Street.

Her straw hat threatens to be very aggressive, but a "stick up" of roses changes the entire aspect to one of bewitching loveliness. At the country club her sport clothes are the envy of all the seniors in the fashionable seminaries. She selects an old gold jersey cloth, with stick-out pockets on the coat, and smaller editions on the skirt, embroidered like the collar in vari-coloured machine stitching. And she tops it with a two-color mushroom brim sailor. So bedizened she sallies forth to challenge the admiration, at least, of her high-school matinee friends, if not the highbrow dramatist. The theatre has many added functions to perform since competition with the movies became so keen, and not the least of these requirements is that of arbiter of fashion.

For a slight advance (fifty cents) tickets for all the popular successes are usually obtainable at any of the hotel offices. It is hardly worth while trying to save this half dollar if you want to see the show the night you apply. While this seems something of an imposition, it is really a convenience to persons whose time does not permit of postponement. In London there is a similar charge for "booking," as they call it over there. In both cases the customer is saved the trouble of going to the theatre personally. So don't let this charge spoil your temper and your enjoyment of the evening. There are many other petty exactions in the city infinitely more exasperating than this.

The daily papers contain announcements of all the current plays, together with location of the theatre. If time permits it is well to arrange your theatre engagements a week or two in advance

when you first arrive. There is always more or less trouble to get a good seat at a popular success even with this precaution.

The theatre district is quite easily reached from almost any part of the city. Taxis being smaller, are much better for this purpose than a huge private car and easily obtainable. The entire list of attractions playing in the city is usually displayed in a bulletin board on the newspaper stand of the hotel.

The summer season is not the best time to judge New York theatrically. Most of the best houses are closed, but the girl and music show is generally in evidence all through the year. The roof garden is recommended for a sultry night, but it is a sad strain on credulity to describe any of these performances as entertaining. There is a tendency to improve them each year, however, and it may be that in time they will not be as they chiefly are to-day, a very poor excuse for taking two dollars from any one's pocket. Along with the hat check extortion, the robbing taxicab driver and other petty graft for which the town is celebrated, the average roof garden show has them all beaten to a standstill.

CABARETS AND RESTAURANTS

Within the last few years a craze for dancing seized this country, and what promised at first to be a passing fad has now developed apparently into a permanent institution in metropolitan life. New York proved a congenial soil for the propagation of this innovation. It already had a wonderful aggregation of hotels and restaurants whose patrons craved additional excitement, and the dansant supplied this demand in a most satisfactory way. In



FOOT OF HILL

Fort Tryon from the South.

The new Public Park recently presented to the City by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

fact, so great has the popularity of this entertainment become that vast sums have gone into the furnishing and beautifying of rooms specially designed for dancers alone, and few, if any, of the smart hotels or restaurants are now without this quite necessary adjunct to the evening repast.

The old-fashioned dinner with its social and intimate conversation is a thing of the past. Nowadays when you have finished the oysters your partner grabs you and tangos around till he sees that soup is served. In the meantime, all the wicky-wicky boys and girls in grass skirts cavort around the open space you have just abandoned to the tune of countless ukuleles, tom-toms and clanking castanets. In a few moments the performers disappear, your soup has been served, and there is time for another whirl before the fish comes, and you whirl. All of which is vastly different from the good old days—so called. The lights, the music, the brilliancy all go to make up a rather enjoyable scene. It is certainly different from what one sees at home and the novelty charms. The popularity of dining at restaurants cannot be denied. It may be destructive of home life and all that, but the fact still remains that more and more people go to restaurants than ever, and the number of scandals does not rise much above the average. It suits the New York temperament, and the visitor seems to approve of it also. Quite a competition has grown up among the various cabarets, and very elaborate programmes are now nightly given in most of the more pretentious places.

All kinds of attractive names are selected for the various rooms in which these performances are given, and many of them are most luxuriantly and lavishly

designed. It would be hard to find a more artistic creation than the Crystal Cascade at the Biltmore, the Cocoonut Grove at the Century Theatre, or the Orange Glades at Healey's, to say nothing of a dozen others. As we said before, dining at restaurants is a custom much more largely the vogue in New York than in other cities, and naturally many inducements are held out to attract business, hence the ornate furnishings, delightful music and other pleasing novelties constantly offered. The visitor to New York will no doubt enjoy the novelty of a dinner at a typical Broadway restaurant. It should not be missed, but at the same time it should be handled with care. You are generally expected to spend between \$15 and \$25 per table, and, in fact, one place at least fixes the minimum at \$15 even if you only order one beer.

The crowds one sees at the cabaret are quite different from those encountered in such fashionable resorts as Delmonico's, Sherry's, the Waldorf, Biltmore, Vanderbilt, Ritz-Carlton, Plaza or others that are patronized by the more fashionable New York set. Still a glimpse at Bohemia is a novelty and one comes to New York for fun and not to gather material for a book on ascetic philosophy.

There is also a very decided difference in the appearance of the crowds on Sunday nights compared with week days. So many people live out of town that a week-end in the city is more or less of a necessity. And again, the convenience of dining out in preference to opening one's home is very alluring. The custom of having guests on Sunday evenings has also greatly increased, so it is not an unusual thing to read in Monday's papers of half



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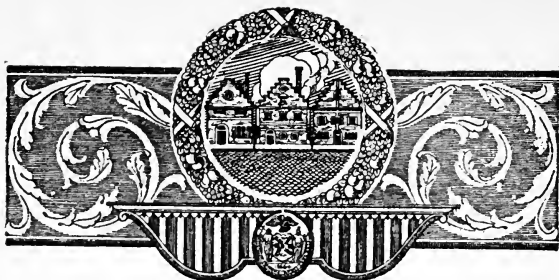
Museum of Hispanic Society of America.

Contains some of the finest examples of Spanish art, literature and historical relics. One of the most interesting buildings in New York.

a dozen dinners by well-known people at various well-known hostelrys.

But the gala nights at both hotels and restaurants are election and New Year's Eve. Of course, during the Horse Show week and the great college football matches there are unusual crowds on both occasions. But nothing like the gaiety and the hilarity of either of the other two. Many delightful surprises are first brought to light on New Year's Eve, and one introduced some years ago seems now to be a permanent installation—the moment of darkness just as the old year dies. In a brilliantly lighted room with the bands playing and all the pleasure of the evening at its height, the sudden blackness and the hush that follows it creates a delicious little thrill that is remembered pleasantly for a long time afterwards.

No matter how much night life may be cried down, it is one of the great attractions of New York, and so long as people have money to spend and a congenial atmosphere in which to spend it the custom will doubtless continue to grow. It is not, however, a habit conducive to thrift, nor does it lend itself readily to John D.'s theory of saving two-thirds of every penny you make.



CHAPTER XII

IN NEW YORK

THREE and one-half million people travel every day in the subways and elevated railways, and over one and one-half million in the surface cars.

A passenger train arrives every 52 seconds.

There is a wedding every 13 minutes.

Four new business firms start up every 42 minutes.

A new building is erected every 51 minutes.

350 new citizens come to make their homes every day.

4 transient visitors arrive every second.

A child is born every 6 minutes.

30 deeds and 27 mortgages are filed for record every business hour of the day.

Every 48 minutes a ship leaves the harbor.

Every night \$1,250,000 is spent in the hotels and restaurants for dining and wining.

An average of 21,000 persons pass daily through the corridors of the largest hotel.



PHOTO BY H. H. HALL

Martyrs' Monument, Fort Greene, Brooklyn. Erected in memory of the prisoners who died of the prison ships during the Revolution



7,500 people are at work daily for the city in one building—the Municipal Building.

300,000 pass the busiest points along Broadway each day.

More than 1,000,000 immigrants land every year.

3,750,000 people live in tenements.

105 babies out of every thousand die.

100 gallons of water is supplied each individual daily.

Street lighting costs \$5,000,000 yearly.

The public parks cover 7,223 acres.

Land reclaimed by filling with street sweepings covers 64 acres.

It takes 1,800 drivers to collect city refuse.

The public schools cost over \$40,000,000 annually.

The foreign commerce is nearly one-half of the entire country.

The funded debt is greater than that of the United States by \$275,000,000.

Two million and a quarter messages are sent and received by telephone daily.

100 new telephones are added each day.

Subways and elevated traffic increases 100,000,000 yearly.

More people living in its confines than in fourteen of our States and Territories.

The record for being the greatest purchasing municipality in the world, not excepting London.

More than one-half the population of the State of New York.

The majority of the banking power of the United States, which has two-thirds of the world's banking power.

An annual population increase of more than 100,000, besides its own product of births.

1,562 miles of surface, subway and elevated railways, operating 8,514 passenger coaches, carrying daily 4,849,012 passengers on cash fares, and 419,799 on transfers.

A density of population (in Manhattan) of 96,000 per square mile, six times that of any other city in the United States. Chicago, the next largest city, has 10,789 per square mile.

Within a radius of 15 miles from City Hall a population of 7,500,000 people, one-fourteenth of the population of the United States.

A population greater than the total population of the United States when Washington was inaugurated.

4,000 people are arrested every day.

11,000,000 matches are given away daily in the tobacco shops and hotel cigar stands.

The telephone centrals have 586,000 calls each hour.

There are 1,525 churches of all denominations.

\$2,500,000 is spent annually in maintenance of public charities.

There are two fires every hour—yet the average annual fire loss is less than \$5,000,000.

The Fire Department answers 233 false alarms every day.

20,000 people spend all their working hours underground.

There are 50,000 night workers.

2,000 pupils, representing 27 different nationalities, are registered at one school in the East Side.

New York City, in the course of the year, carries

the names of 97,015 persons upon its payrolls. Of these about 15,000 are temporary employees, leaving 82,015 regulars.

Probably no less than two other persons are dependent upon the earnings of each city employee, making a total of nearly 300,000 persons whose support comes out of the city treasury.

Assessed valuation representing one-fifteenth the total estimated wealth of the United States.

Sufficient space to accommodate 25,000,000 people if the population were evenly distributed.

A central hotel district, with a radius of less than half a mile, which contains 75 hotels, with a capacity for more than 50,000 guests.

More than \$205,000,000 invested in hotels. Their yearly expenditure is \$29,000,000 and they employ 31,000 persons of all nationalities.

170 buildings that are 10 stories and over in height.

Five office buildings, all within five blocks, worth \$45,500,000, within which 28,500 people are at work daily.

Public libraries that are made use of by 5,000,000 more people annually than those of any other city in the world.

A new water supply system, now building, which cost \$167,000,000. It will eventually supply 1,000,000,000 gallons of water daily.

Famous Central Park, which cost originally \$5,000,000, and whose construction and maintenance to date has aggregated \$25,000,000. The land is now worth \$200,000,000.

The Board of Education has the longest payroll, with 25,800 names on its list. The Police Depart-

ment has 10,753 employees, the Street Cleaning Department 7,002, the Fire Department 5,145, the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity 3,330, the Department of Health 2,961, the Department of Public Charities 2,898, and the Department of Docks and Ferries 2,601.

NEW YORK CITY HAS—

More telephones than London, Paris, Berlin, Petrograd and Rome combined.

Over 2,000 theatres and photoplay houses.

64 daily papers.

3,000 street cleaners, popularly known as "White Wings."

55 milk stations with doctors and nurses.

80,000 street lamps.

26,000 factories, producing one-tenth of the manufactures of the country.

578 miles of water front.

8 fire boats for protecting the shipping.

More Irish than Dublin.

More Italians than Rome.

A German population twice the total of Bremen. More than Leipzig and Frankfort-on-Main combined.

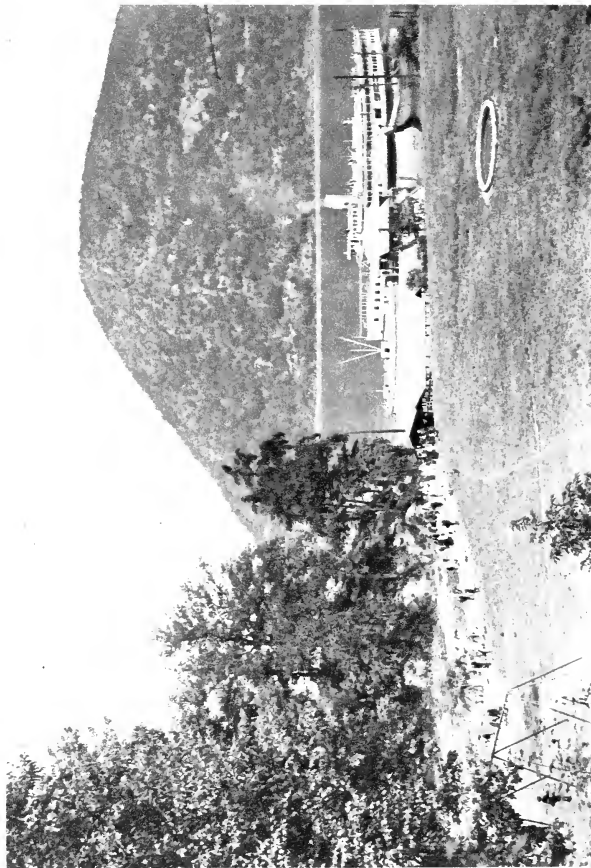
198 public parks varying in size from 4 square yards to 1,756 acres.

More active club women than London and Paris combined.

One block in which more than 5,000 people live, on less than 4 acres of ground.

More Austrians and Hungarians than in Trieste and Fiume combined.





—GEORGE H. HUNT

New York's latest and greatest playground in Bear Mountain Park, on the Hudson River, about forty miles from the city. The steamboat landing.

A Jewish population one-seventh of its total, and their number equals the population of Maine.

An annual budget greater than that of any other five American cities combined—in all about one-fourth as much as Uncle Sam spends to govern the nation.

Spent \$250,000,000 in the last 10 years in building underground and under water railroads.

Two terminals—the Grand Central and Pennsylvania Railroad's new stations and tunnel under the Hudson—which cost over \$200,000,000—four times as much as would be required to duplicate all the railroads of the entire European kingdom of Denmark.

A value of real estate reckoned at \$3,391,771,862.

Average daily transactions at the New York Clearing House totaling \$300,000,000.

A total value of imports at the port of New York of \$940,000,000 annually. Exports, \$1,200,000,000.

A population twice that of the six largest States in the Union (after Texas), whose combined area is 754,665 square miles—3,200 times that of New York City.

A total population which, if divided into smaller communities, would make 10 cities the size of Pittsburgh.

1,500,000 more people than in the entire State of Missouri.

A population greater than any Western State, any Middle State (except Illinois), or any Southern State.

A population exceeded by only three States in the Union—New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois.

A population which equals the combined population of Florida, Georgia and Alabama.

10,753 men in its Police Department.

5,145 men in its Fire Department.

Savings bank deposits aggregating \$1,231,202,000—about \$225 for each man, woman and child in the city.

Public schools attended by 900,000 pupils, in which 21,000 teachers are employed.

It spends \$100,000 daily for ice cream.

Counting two glasses to the pint, New York consumes daily, all the year round, an average of 14,000,000 glasses of beer, at a cost of \$700,000. Including the imported brands, 10,000,000 barrels of beer are sold in the Metropolis annually, each barrel containing $31\frac{1}{2}$ gallons.

The city's soda water checks amount to \$600,000 for each 24 hours. This means 12,000,000 glasses.

THE MERCHANT'S ASSOCIATION

A very wide-awake organization in our city is the Merchant's Association, of which Mr. William Fellowes Morgan is president. It is quite beyond the limits of our space to enumerate all the important work this association has accomplished for the business interests of New York within recent years. It seems to be run with a single idea of the welfare of New York and is entirely free from any political influence whatever. It opposes either party and sometimes both, should necessity arise, and generally gets what it is after. It is a power for good in the business world.



PHOTO NEW YORK, EDISON CO.

Night scene—Bryant Park, Forty-Second Street and Sixth Avenue.



CHAPTER XIII

WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT NEW YORK?

THE following remarks were gathered by a brilliant New Yorker, Charles W. Wood, and they are well worth recording. Now that you have visited the city, won't you also write the editor of *New York of To-day* just what you found most to like about New York? We expect to print all answers in next year's edition, for all books about New York have to be revised every year in order to keep up with the changes.

"I like New York," said a hardened Broadwayite, "because it lets me alone. There's just as much fun in other places, but it all has to be explained and accounted for forever after. Not that I'd want to do anything I'd be ashamed of; but it gets on a man's nerves to feel that everybody in town is watching him. I'd just as soon everybody would

know everything there is to know about me, but I hate to feel that it matters."

"I like the city," said a minister who formerly preached up-State, "because people here are not interested in one's private affairs. I insist that my life shall be an open book. I smoke, for instance I used to smoke in —, and of course I did it openly as I do here. The people were broad and tolerant. They didn't object. But I felt that whatever I said or wrote was pigeon-holed in all their minds as the ideas of *the minister who smokes*. I like New York because it doesn't make those distinctions."

"I like New York," said a student at Columbia, "because it is *unconventional*. There is no standard of conduct here. Each person is allowed to go his own way as long as he doesn't break any of the ordinances; and there are enough people going each day to make your own way, whatever it happens to be, perfectly respectable. You can't follow your own way in a small town. You can't be spontaneous."

"I like New York," said a vaudeville monologist, "because it is *conventional*. In small towns it is impossible to be satisfied with the gait of any particular set, and people get into the habit of going it alone. They become individualists, each with his own hobby and his own cherished peculiarities. The result is that it takes a superman to fuse them, or get a laugh out of more than half a dozen in the house at once. Here in New York all you have to do is to spring some standard joke fairly well. If it is a first-class joke, if it has stood the test of years and attained a standing in any particular set, all the partisans of that set in the house can be de-



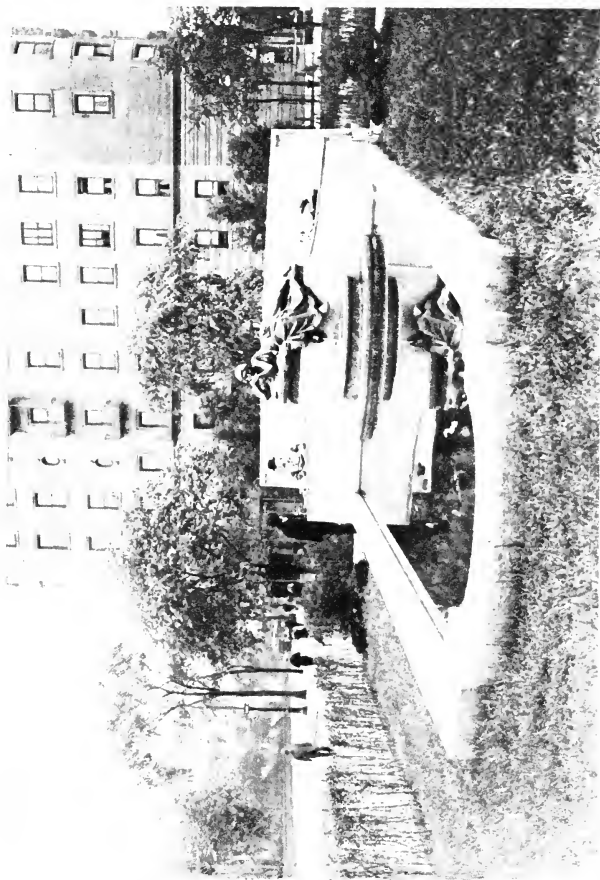


PHOTO E. H. BALL

Straus Fountain, Straus Park, Broadway and One Hundred and Third Street.
Memorial to "Isidor and Ida Straus, April 15, 1912" who were lost on the "Titanic."

pended on to applaud it. There are always enough people in each set on Broadway to make any one of the old gags go over; but in Watertown or Elmira you've got to be scratching for new ones every day. I wouldn't dare try a new one on New York."

"I like New York," said a Harlem mother, "because it is so safe for the children. I took them to Lake Champlain last summer and I was scared every minute. John was treed by a cow; Sarah almost stepped on a snake; the boys went out on the lake and the plug came out of the boat; Willie was nearly killed with poison ivy, and there were foxes and hen-hawks and other terrible things swooping down on the farm every day or two. The children are playing in Central Park now and my mind is easy."

"I like New York," said a housewife, or an apartment wife, in the Bronx, "because I can be outdoors so much. When I lived in St. Lawrence County it seemed as though I could never get my work done. When I wanted anything from the store I had to wait until the children came home from school to send them. It's nice to have a whole house with sixteen rooms; but when you have to heat it with coal and build a fire every time you want some warm water, and kill a chicken yourself every time you want one for dinner, and pick its feathers and clean it and sweep up the mess besides, and wash about forty pans—well, give me four rooms and an opportunity to get out of them by 10 o'clock. Then, up there, you couldn't go out at all when it rained, because you'd stick in the mud, and you couldn't go out in the winter because the snow was too deep."

"Why do you live in New York?" I asked a machinist who had worked at his trade in nearly every

part of the United States. "You're a natural rover. You aren't contented here. You're always kicking about conditions and ridiculing the people who stand for them. You haven't any wife or family. Why don't you get out?"

"I'm going to hike," he said, "just as soon as I get acquainted; but there's no sense in leaving a town until you do. It took me six weeks to squeeze Los Angeles dry; but you don't have to spend more than four hours on a town like Fall River, Mass. Reckoning on the same schedule, bo, I'm due out of this burg about June 1, 1974. It's no good, of course; but you gotta hand it to the town for being some hard to unravel."

"What do I like about New York?" mused a tired business man, who was refreshing himself as rapidly as possible in a Park Row café. "What do I like about New York better than any other place? Let's see—I'll take the same—it isn't wise to mix 'em up, but so long's I stick to the one thing, I c'n keep it up a week. D'yever hear the one they're telling about—what's that, what do I like about New York better than other places? Well, let's see. What other places are there?"

"I like New York," said a connoisseur who has lived everywhere, "because it is the only place there is. I like music: New York is the only place I can hear it when I want to. I like art: New York is the only place I can be sure to see the greatest pictures; not only of the old masters, but the new ones, just as fast as they come along. I like interesting people: New York is the place where those who are doing things in the literary and scientific world make their home. I like variety, infinite variety:



PHOTO NEW YORK EDISON CO.

Washington Arch, Washington Square.

New York is the only place I can find that. I like the whole universe, and New York is where it lives."

"I like New York because of its interest in little things," was the unexpected summary of a very sober citizen. "Yup, it's the little things that count here. If the whole block was burning up you'd always find a crowd watching an automatic do-funny in some window across the street. New Yorkers can't hear the elevated, and stop right under it to buy toy dogs that squeak when you pull their tails. And when they get the papers they pass up all the news that tells how the nations of earth are being annihilated—to see how the Giants are coming out."

"I like New York," said a newspaper reporter, "because it's so slow. You fellows here don't know what fast work it. Why, up in Syracuse, I used to cover eleven courts, two or three strikes, a couple of theatres and a fire or two all in the same day. It was hot-foot from 7.30 to 5 o'clock, with sinkers and coffee on the run for lunch. If you were out ten minutes without telephoning they notified the police; and if you were gone half an hour they took up a collection for flowers. Do reporters work in New York? Why, some of them are actually fat."

"I like New York," said a college professor, "because its people are all so good-natured. When they are assaulted and battered by subway guards, their hats smashed, their clothes torn and their wind shut off, they almost always grin. When a street blows up, they say: 'Gee, what'll happen next?' And if it falls into the subway they all seem glad that it lasted as long as it did. I watched a crowd going down Seventh Avenue the other day. That the avenue was impassable occurred to no one. One pe-

destrian fell into an open man-hole, two more tripped on loose planks and plunged headlong into dust and slivers, three or four stumbled and went lame, but nobody swore. It might work for progress if our people had a little more temper; but their good humor makes them fine to live with."

"I like New York," said a novelist, "because it is the only place on earth where I can't get lonesome. I have often heard that the average person doesn't find any social life in New York, but if that is so, it is because the average person doesn't feel the need of it. The mere presence of people everywhere is apt to dull one's craving for personal acquaintance. I am well aware that this situation is full of danger, but it has its compensations. It accounts for New Yorkers' habit of going crazy over their favorite actresses and moving picture stars. They don't have to know these people personally to love them; and they get to liking each other in some such far-off, representative way. They don't get acquainted, but they have their psychic attachments; and everybody knows, as soon as he gets into a restaurant, even in the thirty-cent table d'hôtes, whether it is patronized by his type of soul or not. I like New York because of its impersonal social life."

"I don't like New York," said a woman who used to be a social worker up-State. "I love it. I never could fall in love with any one I could like. It was always with some one who had a dreadful fascination for me. Men don't like whiskey, but it fascinates them.

"New York isn't comfortable. It isn't sane. It isn't fit to live in. Living here is just a habit, a bad habit, but one you don't want to break. Why?



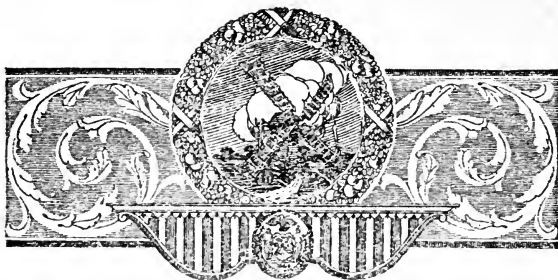
PHOTO-BOARD OF WATER SUPPLY

Catskill Aqueduct—the city's new water supply system.

Just because it is big, that's all; because it's big and terrible, too big and terrible for any one to do anything with; something that holds you in its clutches and makes you feel your own helplessness.

"New York is something you can't like and can't escape from.

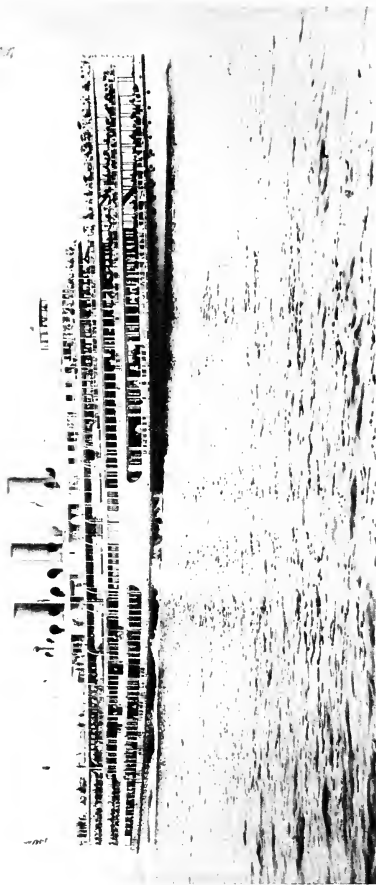
"I hate it. But I love it."



CHAPTER XIV

THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

ON AN elevation overlooking the Hudson, just where Riverside Drive makes a graceful curve as if to spare "Minniesland," the old home of Audubon, the great naturalist (which we have also described), stands the classic home of the Hispanic Society of America, which is devoted to the advancement of Spanish literature, art and history. The entrance proper is on Broadway between One Hundred and Fifty-fifth and One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Streets and the nearest station is at One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Street. The Hispanic Society is thus conveniently reached, and the stranger who decides to spend an hour or two within its walls will have visited one of the most remarkable institutions not only in New York, but in the world as well. In fact, the Hispanic Society probably is better known in foreign countries than it is at home, though in recent years its



The palatial steamer "Washington Irving," which makes daily trips on the Hudson to and from Albany during the summer.

local fame has greatly increased, partly by reason of the splendid exhibitions of Spanish art which it has given from time to time. Its late exhibition of Spanish tapestries is a case in point. Lovers of art were thus enabled to use the best examples of the most famous Spanish creations in this ancient art, and our country thus received the benefit. The lately increased interest in Spanish America has also given the society an added importance that is rapidly growing as its usefulness becomes more widely known.

The collections of the society, though small, are of exquisite quality. No attempt has been made to include the varying grades of certain illustrative originals, the idea being to limit the exhibits to the very best specimen obtainable in each class, and also one other that might be described as generally typical. In this manner the society has gathered examples of wood carving, silver work, ivory plaques and combs of Phœnician origin, Hispano-Moresque plaques, neolithic and Roman pottery, Buen-Retiro ware, azulejos or glazed tiles, Roman mosaics and ecclesiastical embroideries, etc. Most of them are of the greatest rarity and many date from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or are even earlier.

As the society delights to encourage special research in literature and strives to promote new and original investigation so that the result may be literature by itself, it offers special facilities to those pursuing such studies, and its library is, without exception the most important devoted to this particular school in America. Of its original manuscripts, first editions, etc., New York is justly proud. It includes a large collection of the work of Lam-

bert Palmart, of Valencia, the first printer of Spain, with some specimens of contemporary printers of Germany and Italy for purposes of comparison; first editions of important Spanish authors and a unique special collection, including nearly every known edition of "Don Quixote"—itself an item of absorbing interest and value; autograph letters of Charles the Fifth and the Duke of Wellington; manuscripts of George Borrow and Robert Southey; some ancient maps and rare old prints and beautifully illumined mediæval liturgical books. The society gives its cordial co-operation to sincere workers and upon application to the librarian the treasures of the library are freely placed at the disposal of readers. It is doubtful if such a similar collection of Spanish memorabilia is extant in any other country of the world.

The existence of the society has been known to the people of New York in a perfunctory way since its opening in 1904. Its building was admired, but considered too far out of the run of things to warrant a special visit. One morning, however, the city buzzed with excitement concerning the advent of a hitherto unheard-of artist—Sorolla—whose works were being exhibited at the Hispanic. The land of Velasquez, of Fortuny, of Murillo, of Goya had once more seized the sceptre of vanished power and like a meteor the splendor of Sorolla's work flashed across the New World.

New York hastened to pay homage to the genius who had in a moment revived the ancient glories of Leon and Castile. Long lines formed their tortuous lengths in and around the building, and more people viewed Sorolla's pictures in a shorter

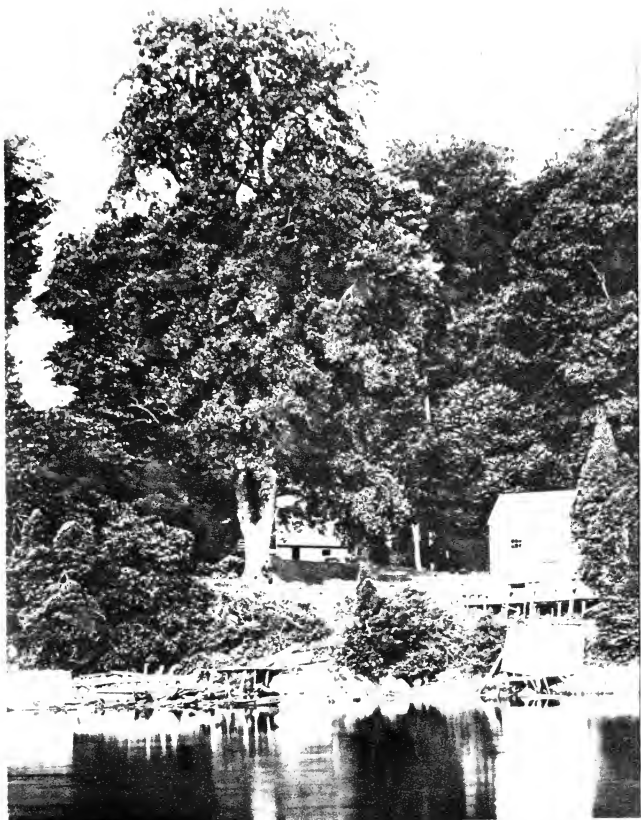


PHOTO BY J. B. HALL

Inwood Tulip Tree. Largest tree on Manhattan Island.



time than was ever before recorded. The importance of this exhibition did much to focus public attention upon the art treasures possessed by the society, and for the time being overshadowed its other attractions. Its pictures are undoubtedly entitled to the high praise bestowed upon them, as they are of exceptional importance. There are three splendid examples of Velasquez's work. There are paintings by El Greco, Goya, Ribera, Zurzaran, Fortuny, Madrazo, Sorolla, Zuloaga and many other distinguished Spanish artists. The Duke of Alba's is only one among other famous portraits in the society's collection, of which King Alphonso by Sorolla is another. The Queen of Spain is represented. The collection is fully entitled to be called representative in the best sense of the word.

A bronze bust of Collis P. Huntington, father of the founder and to whom the building is a memorial, is of special interest. It is on the right as you enter. The building is open from 10 to 5 every day of the week, but the library is closed on Sundays.

THE CLUBS OF NEW YORK

Club life in the Metropolis has undoubtedly reached a point of luxury and convenience which is probably far in advance of any other city—at least in point of numbers. In addition to clubs that are purely social and political, there is no end of those devoted to particular sports, such as yachting, riding, driving, golfing, tennis and we may add flying. All the large business interests also have clubs, such as transportation, lawyers', engineering, etc., while the more important colleges are repre-

sented by organizations that usually have a membership almost equalling the regular alumni of the alma mater.

The leading social club is undoubtedly the Union Club. Its home is on Fifth Avenue opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral, and its membership is limited to 1,600. It is said to be customary to post the name of any new male arrival in New York's old families for admission in the hope that by the time he reaches his majority there will be a chance for election. Other clubs of a similar exclusive nature are the Calumet, the Racquet and Tennis, the Metropolitan and the Knickerbocker. Of clubs that were primarily political, but are now both social and political, the Union League and the Manhattan are both types. The former is Republican and the latter Democratic.

Of the college clubs the University is probably the best known. Its beautiful building, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, has 3,300 members and it is among the largest clubs in the country. The other college clubs, the Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, are also important organizations. The Yale has lately built one of the largest club houses in town at Forty-fourth Street and Vanderbilt Avenue. It is quite convenient to New Haven and is largely patronized by the students themselves on visits to the city, as well as by graduates and students on football and regatta nights. The New York Yacht Club, on Forty-fourth Street, has also a home that is very impressive, the exterior decorations being particularly notable. Its membership includes all the important private yacht owners in the city, which means, of course, almost

a complete roster of the social register. The Century Club, on Forty-third Street, is devoted to art and letters, as is also the Lotus, the National Arts and the Authors'.

There are various clubs composed exclusively of artists, like the Salmagundi; of actors, like the Friars, the Lambs and the Players; of musicians, like the Harmonic, the Arion and the Liederkrantz. There are also innumerable downtown clubs which exist merely for the luncheon hour and have no social life after that function is over.

The women also play an important part in New York club life, the Colony Club being one of their most influential and important. It has recently built a magnificent new club house in Park Avenue near Sixty-third Street at a cost of over a million dollars. There is also a women's university club at 105 East Fifty-second Street, Women's Municipal League, a Women's City Club, with headquarters in the new Vanderbilt Hotel, and a Pen and Brush Club, of which Miss Ida Tarbel is president. The Theatre Assembly, a new organization, Mrs. Christopher Marks, president, gives special attention to matters theatrical and discusses plays and players at its meetings, usually held in the Hotel Astor.

Of the ordinary small club of no special importance it may be said they exist almost in countless numbers. They are devoted to this thing and that. Some of them survive their teething period, but the infant mortality among them is high. Most of the clubs are located either on Fifth Avenue or on one of the side streets above Forty-second Street in close proximity to the avenue. Visitors may be put up for ten days on written recommendation of a mem-

ber, and not a few have interchangeable courtesies among other clubs in different cities, whereby members may exchange hospitalities without the formality of a card.

THE CATSKILL AQUEDUCT

New York's New Water Supply

The enormous scale on which New York must operate in the matter of public utilities receives additional illustration in the cost of the new Catskill Aqueduct, which to date is over one hundred and sixty-seven millions of dollars, and when the work is finally completed another twenty-two millions will have to be added. It is so far the largest budget ever undertaken in the history of any municipality in the world for a single work. This investment, however, is so carefully planned that the revenue derived from the sale of water will be sufficient to pay off the water bonds issued against construction and in a comparatively few years all this immense outlay will have been returned to the city and become available for other purposes. The source of this new water supply lies 75 to 135 miles from the city in the mountainous regions of the Catskills. No finer, cleaner or purer water is, therefore, obtainable anywhere in the country.

The entire water shed embraced in this improvement is over 900 square miles in extent and includes the region known as Schoharie, Esopus and Ashokan. The engineering triumphs achieved in bringing water down the Hudson Valley, across the Hudson River beneath the waters of the river itself into the island of Manhattan, across the East River to





PHOTO F. H. HALL

Hudson Monument, Spuyten Duyvil Hill.

Brooklyn, and across New York Bay to Staten Island and have been brilliant in the highest degree. Gen. Goethals is authority for the statement that it was a much more difficult undertaking from an engineering point of view than the building of the Panama Canal. Construction operations have been in progress over eight years.

The first introduction of running water into the city dates back only to 1842, when the Croton Aqueduct was built. The distributing reservoir for this water was on the corner occupied by the Public Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. When the Croton system was enlarged this reservoir was no longer needed and was discontinued. The present system provides a reserve reservoir at Kensico Dam, capable of storing enough water for fifty days under normal conditions. Nothing is so conducive to public health as a continuous supply of fine water. In this respect New York is abundantly blessed.

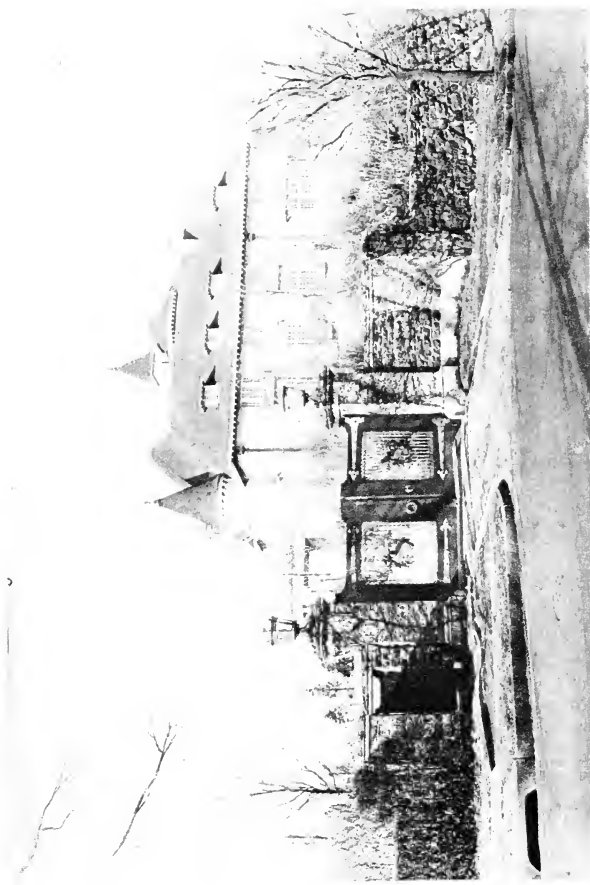
Notwithstanding the enormous size of this undertaking, the work has been completed in advance of the date agreed upon, and the cost has been kept well within the amount originally set aside for it by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. A number of leading citizens served the city for years on the water commission without recompense, and the splendid result is due largely to their disinterested efforts. Mr. Henry R. Towne, of the well-known Yale and Towne corporation, is entitled to special mention. The city is fortunate to have men of such unselfish devotion to public interests. Some idea of the magnitude of this work can be obtained by ascertaining the amount of money used by your own

home town for the same purpose. The comparison will be startling.

THE HUDSON RIVER AN ADJUNCT OF THE CITY

It was that eminent English jurist Lord Haldane who marvelled that so beautifully a river so close to such a large city was not more popular with our people than he divined the Hudson to be, judging from the plaucity of steamboats, yachts, etc., upon it. In this he was eminently right. The vast majority of New Yorkers know nothing about the majesty and beauty of this wonderful river that lies right at our doors. Coney Island, that land of hot dogs and merry-go-rounds, with its noisy crowd, draws a thousand New Yorkers to one that visits the Hudson.

Travellers who have been the world over declare the Hudson has not only no rival, but has nothing even approaching one. All along its crowded slopes nestle quaint little villages, some older than New York itself. For so unimportant a highway commerce is strangely absent from its shores. In any European country such a natural and cheap method of communication would be black with sailing craft of all kinds, and huge derricks would be met with at frequent intervals. Nothing of the kind is to be seen on the Hudson. Aside from the few river boats that ply up and down daily, there is only to be seen an occasional brick schooner beating its way to the city or perhaps a long string of canal boats that have come from some point on the Erie Canal or Buffalo, and are slowly drifting to New York. Even the saucy tugboats that impart a wonderful scene of activity and bustle all over the bay are seldom



PHOTO, F. H. HALL

Fort Tryon—approach from the east. Home of C. K. G. Billings. Purchased with adjoining estate by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and presented by him to the City for a new Public Park.

encountered farther up the river. Perhaps it is just as well. The river bank is almost wholly given up to magnificent private estates and sleepy little villages.

Passing Inwood, which marks the end of Manhattan Island, we see just across the river the magnificent New Interstate Palisade Park, which stretches in an unbroken line for nearly twenty miles along that most wonderful of all nature's creations—the Palisades of the Hudson. The States of New York and New Jersey united in the purchase of this magnificent playground for the people, and its acquisition accomplished a two-fold purpose—it not only added a park of rare natural beauty to the resources of the city, but it also preserved this most wonderful work of nature, the Palisades. Already stone crushers were busily engaged in making trap rock of this rare and priceless heritage, but that is now all stopped. And this marvellous creation of the glacier period, which has excited the wonder of people from all parts of the world, is now preserved to our country for all time.

Passing the small opening that separates the State of New York from the city, we get in the distance a glimpse of "The King's Bridge"—the first connection between the island and the mainland. This bridge was erected shortly after the English captured the city, and was bestowed by the king on one of his henchmen. All who came or left New York on the north had to pay toll to use the King's Bridge. Just beyond Spuyten Duyvil we pass the first of the numerous beautiful settlements for which the river is famous. Riverdale is the first suburb out of New York to the north and is the home

of many prominent business men, as George W. Perkins, Cleveland H. Dodge, Darwin P. Kingsley and other men prominent in the city's finance and business.

At Tarrytown the river widens to almost four miles and forms a body of water called the Tappan Zee. (It is also quite deep here and when a sudden squall comes across the mountains from back of Nyack—a frequent occurrence in summertime—it is apt to raise quite a good-sized commotion, the waves reaching an altogether unbelievable height.)

After leaving the Tappan Zee we enter the southern gate of the Highlands and from now on the scenery beggars description. In about an hour we have passed Peekskill Bay and are at Bear Mountain Park, in the heart of the Highlands. This is another priceless boon conferred upon the people of New York in the shape of a great State park. This was made largely possible by the gift of over 10,000 acres of land by Mrs. E. H. Harriman in memory of her great husband, E. Henry Harriman, the great railroad builder. Other land has been added, roads built through it and a number of public improvements added, including row boats, swings for the children and many other attractions. There is no more beautiful spot in the world than Bear Mountain Park, and when New Yorkers fully realize its attractiveness they will go there by the hundred thousands. As it is, the park is mainly enjoyed by motorists who travel long distances to dine at its admirable inns, and revel in its unsurpassed scenery.

After leaving Bear Mountain Park the steamer zig-zags out and in the winding road of the river.



EDWIN TEAL

Fifth Avenue, north from Fifty-fifth Street, Central Park in the distance. Private residences still abound but are rapidly disappearing.

We are now in the very heart of the Highlands and the scenery is beyond my feeble pen to describe. Sometimes the boat almost touches the shore, so close runs the channel to the bank. Presently we pass Highland Falls, where the late Mr. Morgan lived, and right above it is the far-famed United States Military Academy of West Point. Directly in front of the Academy is Constitution Island, a present to the government by Mrs. Russell Sage. Beyond the island the river widens out. The Crow's Nest and Storm King Mountain tower over the west bank, and Break Neck and the Beacon Mountains over the east. As soon as the steamer emerges from the Highlands, the river opens into beautiful Newburgh Bay, with Cornwall on the west bank, Pollopel's Island in the centre of the river and the quaint city of Newburgh (26,000), county seat of Orange County, directly ahead.

After leaving Newburgh, the whole character of the landscape changes and the river flows through a most beautiful and prolific country, well wooded and undulating.

The stately yacht we have just passed belongs to young Vincent Astor, whose ancestral home, Ferncliffe, is just above Poughkeepsie at Rhinebeck. At Poughkeepsie, however, the trip ends for the day. We catch the down boat from Albany, which lands us in New York about eight o'clock, greatly rested and hugely delighted with all the beauties and wonders we have seen.

A CURIOUS BOOK ABOUT OLD NEW YORK
The Recent Revival of "Valentine's Manual"

Although the New Yorker as a rule is apparently

not particularly interested in the history of his city, that is to a large extent merely his habitual indifference to matters which he considers personal to himself. As a matter of fact, New York is the only city in any country which supports an annual publication devoted only to the city's past. Nothing about the present appears in its pages, everything must have the sanctity of age before it is admissible to its columns. As books go, it is also expensive—\$5.00 per copy—yet it enjoys considerable circulation. If any of my readers are of an enquiring turn of mind and would like to know how New York used to look, how its old social life was conducted, how it grew up—in short, all the items that would go to make a biography—let him look between the pages of the "Manual."

The history of this unique publication strikes its roots also deep into the past. It was first published by the city itself in 1816—a hundred years ago—as the "City Hall Directory." In 1840 it was enlarged and changed its name to the "Manual of the Corporation of the City of New York." The city discontinued it in 1866 and it lay dormant for half a century. Last year a number of old New Yorkers got together and revived the ancient publication, giving it the name of the old editor, Valentine, who conducted the former series for the city from 1840 to 1866 and gained much fame thereby.

To those who have read "New York of To-day" and have antiquarian tastes, we can with safety suggest the "Manual" as the next addition to their library. Any bookstore has it.

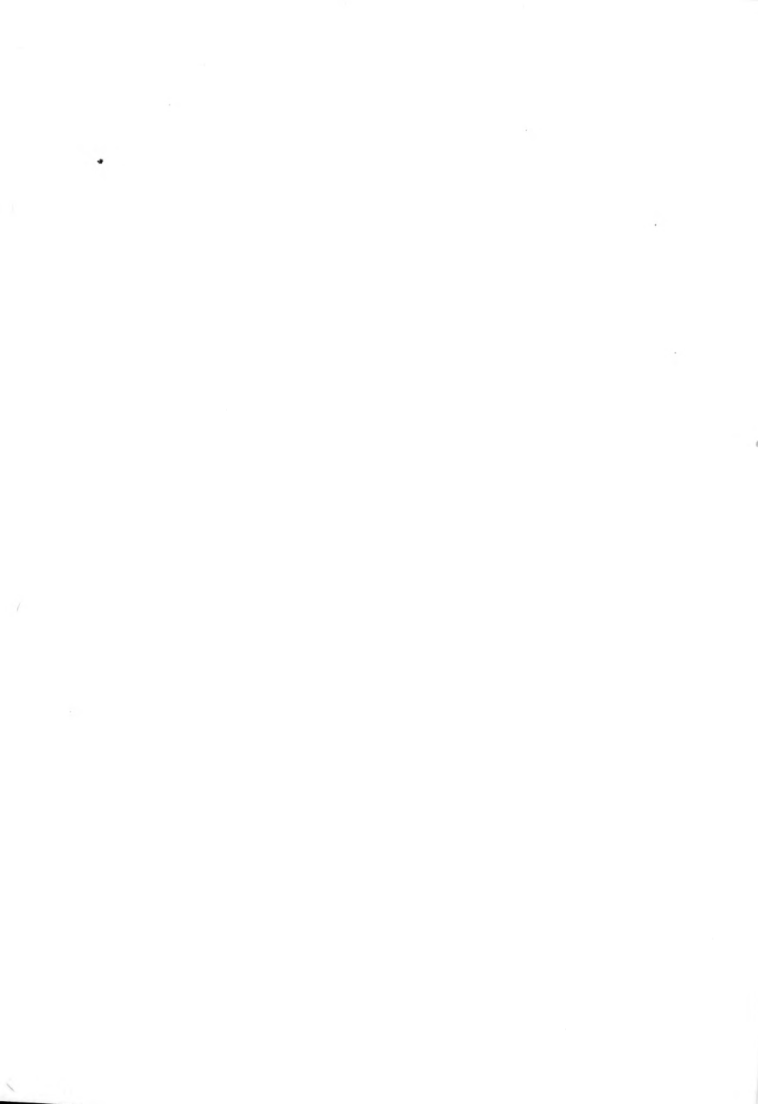




PHOTO E. H. HALL

College of the City of New York and St. Nicholas Park.

NEW YORK IN THE GREAT WORLD WAR OF 1917

The entrance of a great country into a war of such a serious character as the one now confronting us brought forth in New York one of the most patriotic demonstrations ever witnessed in the history of the town. Flags, banners, streamers, badges, buttons and every device by which the national colors could be appropriately displayed were everywhere in evidence.

When the great war commissions appeared and Joffre, Viviani and Balfour were actually in the streets, the Allied flags promptly made their appearance, and the effect was indescribably beautiful.

Luncheons, dinners and every sort of public appreciation were lavished upon the distinguished visitors, and New York gave unmistakable evidence of her pro-Ally leanings. The main thoroughfares like Broadway, Wall Street, Fifth Avenue, the Battery, etc., were a living mass of color. Such a wealth of decoration never appeared before, and it will be a long day before it is repeated. So important did this seem to us that we have had a number of views specially painted in memory of this demonstration, which appear in all their brilliancy of color elsewhere in these pages.

The views are by our own special artist, Miss Alice Heath. They will form an interesting souvenir of a rare occasion and are worthy of careful preservation.

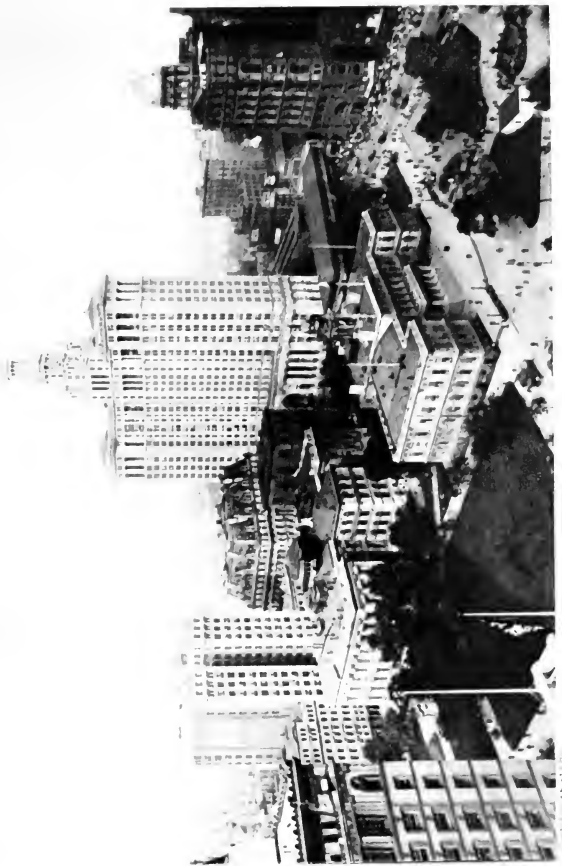
The most important concession the New Yorker has yet made to the war is to agree to go home not later than 1 A. M. At least all cabarets, theatres, restaurants, etc., close at that hour, and when you deduct the time spent in rising when the Star

Spangled Banner is played, you can readily see that the poor New Yorker is really quite a patriotic martyr.

Nevertheless, he is bearing up bravely and the outward sign of the city seems to indicate that "Business as Usual" is largely his guiding star in this crisis.

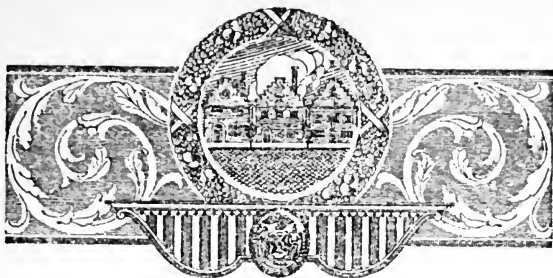
After a great deal of criticism, as usual, regarding New York's lack of patriotism, it was found that the city had largely over-subscribed her allotment of Liberty Bonds and the only city that did—as usual.

The great American Red Cross work in the present war is now in the hands of a New Yorker, Henry P. Davison. A fund of a hundred million was raised, of which New York has more than furnished her quota.



City Hall Park, showing City Hall and New Municipal Building in the background.





CHAPTER XV

HOW TO SEE THE CITY

THIS business of showing strangers over the town in specially constructed motor busses has grown to be an important industry. All things considered, it saves much time and effort, is quite satisfactory, and covers much ground comfortably. The lecturers could curb their cheap wit somewhat, in the interest of historical accuracy, as a great deal of the pleasure of a trip depends upon having the different places properly described.

There are several companies with starting points at convenient places, and the points of interest they have selected is the result of close acquaintance with the city.

There are two routes generally selected—one through the lower part of the city below Twenty-third Street, and the other north, or uptown. That through the lower part of the city gives a compre-

hensive view from Madison Square down Fifth Avenue and Broadway to Bowling Green, from which point a fine view is had of the Bay, the Statue of Liberty, the Aquarium, and the Battery. The financial district, Stock Exchange, the Bowery, Chinatown, the Italian and Hebrew quarters and Brooklyn Bridge are seen on the way. The lecturer will call out the different buildings as the car rolls along, giving a brief history of each, which adds much to the interest of the trip.

There is also a trip around Manhattan Island by the sight-seeing yachts *Observation* and *Tourist*, which is of extreme interest and well worth making. The boats start from Battery Park Pier at 10.30 A. M. and 2.30 P. M. daily, from May 1st to November 1st. They sail up the East River, around the island, through the Harlem Ship Canal, down the Hudson, past the Palisades, Fort Washington, Grant's Tomb and Riverside Park, revealing an unexpected number of interesting features of the shipping and commerce of New York as well as the gigantic Atlantic liners.

Another trip starts from the above-mentioned pier at 1.15 P. M. daily, going down the Bay to Staten Island, past the Quarantine Station, Forts Hamilton, Wadsworth and LaFayette, through the Narrows to the Lower Bay, past Sandy Hook Lightship and Fort Hancock. The yacht rounds the Sandy Hook Lightship (25 miles from Battery Pier), presenting an unequalled view of the entrance to New York Harbor. On the way back to the city a good view is given of famous Coney Island, Brighton and Manhattan beaches. As in the case of the motor busses, here again the lecturer could improve his



PHOTO F. H. HALL

Atlantic Fleet of Battle Ships arriving at New York.



work by heeding the advice given in another page to his confrères on land.

ASCENT OF THE WOOLWORTH TOWER

One of the real genuine unique sensations that may be enjoyed in New York is a veritable aeroplane trip with none of the dangers of the real thing. We refer to a visit to the tower of the Woolworth Building, about eight hundred feet up in the air. It is an experience long to be remembered and will give you something really interesting to talk about for the rest of your days. There's a charge of fifty cents for the privilege, and it is money well spent. The ascent is made in regular passenger elevators to the thirty-eighth floor, from which point you change to another set of elevators that carry you the remaining distance to the sixtieth story. What happens when you step out on to the balcony of the tower and gaze at the city in the distance below is something that is not easily described. If the weather happens to be one of those wonderfully beautiful days, clear and without a cloud in the sky, as so frequently happens in New York, the scene is bewildering. There is first an uncanny quietness all about you—the roar and the noise of Broadway have completely disappeared. The streets that seemed packed with people now seem to have quite considerable patches of space between the crowds, and the figures are dwarfed till they look like little ants running hither and thither.

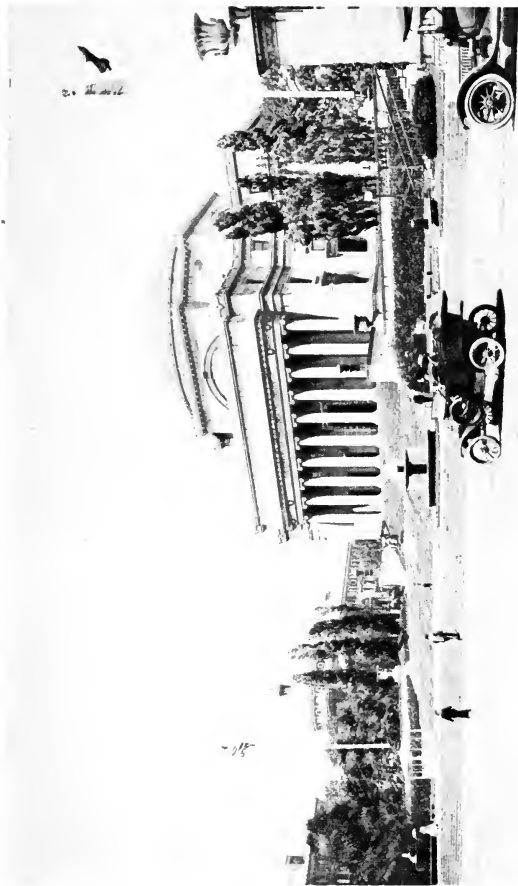
When you realize the great distance between you and the sidewalk you will hardly believe that when the tower was in the process of building workmen would get into the "block and fall" that was used

to hoist up the iron beams, and by this means lower themselves to the sidewalks. This happened nearly every noontime and always drew a crowd. The air up here is always blowing half a gale. The whole country for many miles is plainly seen—the Bay, the Narrows and the broad Atlantic to the south; the Hudson River, Orange and Ramapo Mountains to the west; Long Island Sound and the beautiful country beyond, Rockaway, Coney Island and Long Beach to the east, while northward the crowded heights of Westchester and the Bronx stand out in plain relief. There is no point of land on or near New York anywhere nearly so high as the Woolworth Tower, and nothing approaching this wonderful panorama is to be had anywhere. The novelty is a great attraction, and it is safe to say that this experience will ever remain one of the most interesting recollections of your visit to New York.

Other high places are the Metropolitan Tower on Madison Square, very nearly but not quite so high as the Woolworth; the World Building, and the Whitehall Building, at the very end of the city, facing Battery Park. From the latter building a close view of the harbor and the transatlantic shipping is had, and the Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, Governor's Island and Fort Hamilton guarding the entrance of the Narrows are clearly and distinctly seen. These places are all worth a visit and will well repay you for the time it takes.

WOMEN WHO TRAVEL ALONE—

Notwithstanding the lurid posters that dot the country landscape depicting the perils of the beautiful girl alone in our great city, it still remains a





fact that New York is the best village in the Union for women travelling alone. And there is absolutely no comparison in this respect between it and Continental cities.

All this boastful talk about the superior culture of Europe is the most arrant nonsense. Ask any woman who has travelled abroad and she will tell you that it is almost equivalent to wearing the scarlet letter to walk the streets of London, Paris or Berlin at night. New York is not perfect, but it is little Miss Innocence personified compared with those towns, and any woman who encounters unpleasant situations in our city has, to a very large extent, her own self to blame for it. Nevertheless, a certain amount of caution is necessary. Common sense is still a valuable possession and should not be left at home while travelling. Certain unwritten laws must be obeyed, one of which is that two women together are practically immune from embarrassing experiences, while the solitary visitor is more exposed, especially if the hour is late and you happen to be in certain localities.

Abundant protection is afforded the inexperienced young woman on every hand. Almost immediately upon arrival representatives of the Y. W. C. A. will direct her to suitable and respectable boarding houses, while the foreign emigrant has at her disposal any of half a dozen institutions to see that she is properly cared for. In spite of all these precautions, however, some sad happenings are matters of frequent record, most of which are mainly preventable. A very good rule is to pursue about the same line of conduct you would at home. You do not permit strangers to become familiar, and when

you want information you ask a policeman. Do the same here. It is useless to provide bureaus of information, uniformed attendants and other conveniences if the stranger will calmly ignore them.

LIVING IN HOTELS

It is not enough to pick out a hotel in advance by name only. You must also know the exact street number. There are frequently two places of the same name or very similar, but of an entirely different character. Also some hotels do not care to receive women unescorted at a late hour unless reservation has been made in advance. These, however, are so few as to be almost negligible. None of the first-class hotels in the vicinity of the Grand Central Terminal would think of such a discourtesy, and one of them has an entire floor reserved exclusively for women. The Martha Washington is wholly patronized by women and is open all night. This is the one hotel in which the lords of creation may not enter beyond the parlor floor.

There are accommodations at all sorts of prices, and if the length of your stay is at all dependent upon your pocketbook you can arrange accordingly. Very few hotels include meals with the price of the room. You are expected to eat where you choose. This is much the better, as you need not return to the hotel till bedtime, if you so desire. You are very apt to be quite a distance from it at luncheon, for instance, and the time lost returning would be considerable.

A room with bath in a good hotel centrally located can be had from \$2 to \$3 a day. Without bath \$1.50 to \$2.50. The hotels of international reputation,

like the Waldorf, Biltmore, Astor, etc., are about double those figures for an ordinary room; but, of course, there is practically no limit to what you may pay for a special suite. Dining at these hotels is on an equally expensive scale; but the service is good, the surroundings are enjoyable, the music and dancing very entertaining. All this adds to the expense of the food, and your share is included in the check which is handed you at the conclusion of your repast.

Life in these wonderful hotels is as much a source of amusement as any other attraction in New York, and to those to whom it is unfamiliar the indulgence is well worth the cost. It certainly permits a glimpse of cosmopolitan New York at its best, and to many persons is far more interesting than the average theatre.

But you can hire a furnished room in a good neighborhood for about \$6 a week, dine at Child's, or any one of a hundred good reasonably priced restaurants, and then walk through the big hotels afterwards. You can even go into the writing room and send a letter home on the hotel's richly crested stationery if you wish, and no one will object. You can also buy a two-cent stamp for two cents, but a one-cent evening paper will cost you two cents, so watch your step.

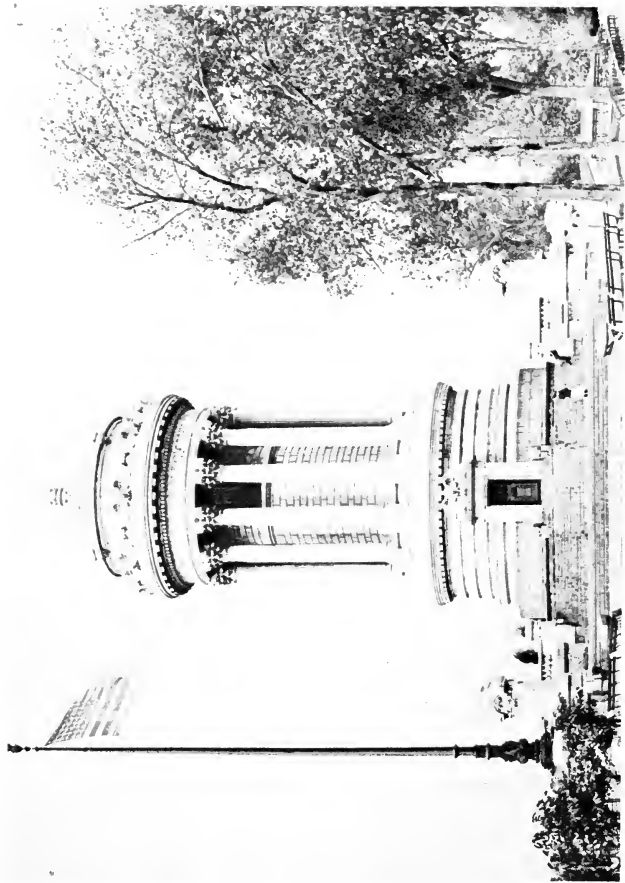
TRAVEL IN THE CITY

Seriously speaking, there is no necessity for reckless extravagance simply because you happen to be in New York. There are lots of other people here, too, and they live in it all the time, and manage to get along quite comfortably on moderate

incomes. In addition to a dollar a day for a room, there are numerous moderate-priced restaurants where a good meal can be had for from forty to fifty cents. Travel in New York is not only cheap, but it is very rapid, and a taxi is not at all necessary. The subway will take you within a few blocks of anywhere, and the fare is only five cents even if you ride to the end of its fifteen miles. There is no city in the world where transportation is so good, and between ten and four the cars are not uncomfortably crowded. With a little care the rush hours—between 7.30 and 9.30 A. M. and 4.30 to 7 in the evening—can be avoided.

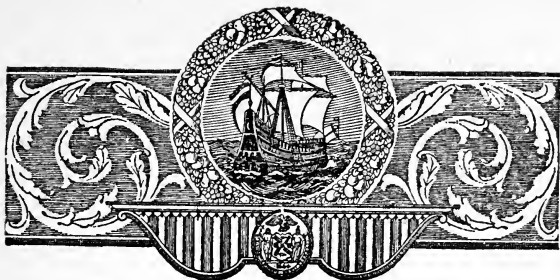
Another very delightful and inexpensive way of seeing the city is from the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. This line traverses our most noted thoroughfare through its busiest and most interesting length. The fare is ten cents, and is about the best ten cents' worth you will get during your stay. The routes vary in direction from Millionaires' Row, east of Central Park, to Grant's Tomb, on Riverside Drive. It is a comfortable ride and not a dull moment in it.





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The Soldiers and Sailors' Monument, Riverside Drive at Eighty-ninth Street.



CHAPTER XVI

ISLES OF RECREATION

IT IS quite impossible in a book of ordinary size to speak at length of all the features of New York that are more or less of interest. Miss Florence Levy for instance publishes an entire work on the Art that is to be seen in the city alone. The Municipal Art Commission also has a special volume that describes all the public monuments, paintings, etc. that belong to the corporation. And a brief mention of all treasures that exist in the New York Historical Society, the Museum of Natural History, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Aquarium, the Geographical Society, the new Indian Society, Heye Foundation, the Aquarium, the Zoological collection in Bronx Park, to say nothing of the dozens of various other organizations more or less available to the writer—would alone call for not one volume, but several. In this connection Mr. Fremont Rider has

rendered the city a signal service in compiling all this information in a book of handy size and in it he has given, with a wealth of detail, particulars regarding material to be found in each of the institutions just mentioned, and the reader who desires fuller details will find this work of the greatest value.

Before closing my own effort, however, I would like to speak for a moment of the great work that has been done by our city in providing breathing spaces for its congested population. It is no easy matter to maintain the health and energy of a population, nearing six millions, and in the provision and splendid maintainance of nearly half a hundred parks, New York has shown herself not unmindful of the responsibility that rests upon her in this direction. With possibly one exception there is no larger park in any city in the world than the one that's here, directly in the centre of Manhattan Island—Central Park (873 acres)—and none is more beautifully laid out as to walks, trees, shrubbery, lakes, lawns and playgrounds. Large areas are set aside for public amusement, and all sorts of outdoor sports are constantly in evidence. This particular park, lying as it does in the very heart of the city, is the one most convenient to visitors and is also the most popular for the residents. It extends from 59th Street to 110th Street, and lies between 5th and 8th Avenues. The east (5th Avenue) side of the park is probably the seat of more millionaire residences than any other thoroughfare in the world, regardless of length; and a list of the owners of these mansions would contain more names, beginning with Astor and ending with Carnegie, that





© EDWIN LEVICK

West Street Docks and North River. The great shipping district.

are nationally known, than any other street in the country. The west side, called Central Park West, is also distinguished for the imposing architecture which lines it to the end. These, however, are of a different character from the east side, being apartment houses of the most expensive and luxurious kind. The combination imparts to this section of New York a very desirable and attractive atmosphere. Both streets are remote from subways and elevateds and enjoy a degree of repose that is unusual in busy New York.

Bronx Park, 719 acres; Van Cortlandt, 1,132 acres, and Pelham Bay Park, 1,756 acres are not on Manhattan Island proper, lying in the northern section of the city. Two of these are much larger than Central Park and in some respects more desirable. Van Cortlandt has golf links and a wonderful lake; Bronx has the Zoo, which is now far more complete than any similar collection (since the war) in the world. The botanical gardens in the Bronx are also of extraordinary beauty and the landscape effects in every direction are of wonderful scope. If time permits—and it is speedily reached by the subway—a visit is well worth the time.

Stretching across the Bronx east is a magnificent boulevard called Pelham Parkway, which connects the Bronx with our newest and most novel park—Pelham Bay. Novel because a park with nearly eight miles of salt water shore front is something unusual in parks, and that is what Pelham has. It fronts directly on the sound and provides boating, bathing and fishing. All sorts of swings, sand pits, merry-go-rounds, etc., are also provided for the children, and it is certainly a great credit to the city.

All these parks are within easy travelling distance, and the fare is only 5 cents, though the distance is fully fifteen to twenty miles.

In the lower part of the more densely populated sections of the city innumerable small parks abound, affording ample opportunity for rest and recreation. These are scattered about everywhere and several have frontages on the Bay, the East and the North Rivers. In addition to these there are numerous recreation piers stretching far out over the cool waters of the river and providing much needed breezes on hot summer nights. Public swimming baths for both sexes are plentiful and are conveniently located for the people who use them. They are not necessarily confined to the water front. Aside from these public places of recreation there are many delightful resorts, nearly all of which are easily reached and which afford much pleasure for small outlay. There are of course many more pretentious places dotted along the Jersey shore and the ocean front of Long Island which are available for a short excursion, but are of course of a much more expensive character. Long Beach, Rockaway, Long Branch, Atlantic City, would come within my meaning.

CONEY ISLAND

But the great crowds go to Coney Island—not more than forty minutes from City Hall, and ranking among one of the most popular resorts near a great city in the world. It fronts directly on the ocean. The bathing is a great attraction and there is generally a cool breeze blowing. A portion of the beach is now a public park. The place is so well known that it is worth a more lengthy descrip-



PHOTO F. H. HALL

The best-known picture in the world — the Statue of Liberty.
Bedloe's Island, upper harbor, New York.

tion, as it is undoubtedly one of the sights of New York.

The incomparable surf bathing, the limitless opportunities for innocent amusement, the novelty and excitement of many of its pleasures, its good-natured crowds, and above all the invigorating breezes that sweep over its terrain, all these contribute to make it a delight and joy to people who live in towns far removed from the sea and from the movement and life which can only be found in large communities. Coney Island and all the other beaches of New York are easily and comfortably reached by subways and street cars at the very moderate cost of a street car ride, or where two lines are necessary an extra nickel. The time consumed is not more than from an hour to an hour and a half, according to route selected. The trip itself by any route is delightful and many people prefer the regular street cars, which are open to the breezes and pass through interesting parts of the city, before reaching the beautiful undulating country beyond.

Most of the street car lines starting from the Brooklyn Bridge run direct to Coney, or transfer to some line in Brooklyn going there, but the quickest and most direct route is by the elevated from the bridge, leaving every few minutes and every other train express. This makes a delightful trip, as the cars are open and the route is through the beautiful suburb of Flatbush—the most beautiful, some authorities say, of any in the United States. It is a run of 45 minutes and lands you right on the edge of the Atlantic Ocean. The things that you do and the things that you see at Coney Island are so varied and exciting that any description of them

must necessarily be tame and insufficient. They must be experienced to be fully appreciated, but they are all well worth what they cost. A very delightful route to Coney Island is by boat. Sailing down the North River from 129th Street and touching at 23rd Street and at Pier 1, near the Battery, at all of which stops a crowd of holiday seekers pour into the commodious steamer, we get a splendid view of the docks and shipping of New York with the tall buildings in the background, and the ever-changing scenes of river traffic on our right, and as we pilot our way into the bay the historic Governor's Island appears on our left and the famous Statue of Liberty on our right. Passing these landmarks we sail along the beautiful shore of Bay Ridge—another Brooklyn suburb—with its fine residences and its splendidly built Shore Road stretching all the way down to Fort Hamilton and the Narrows. At this point we emerge into the ocean and get a taste of the ocean breezes at first hand, and if our voyager is at all languid from the effects of the heat, or indeed from any cause, the oxygen of the Atlantic transforms him, in an incredibly short time, into a most lively and vivacious pleasure seeker. Before reaching the great pier at Coney Island, we are likely to pass many craft like our own, plying to and from different points with their happy freight of human beings enjoying nature's great gift of out of doors.

THE ROCKAWAYS AND JAMAICA BAY

Some of these crafts will likely be the Rockaway steamers, which also carry great numbers to that popular beach. Next to Coney Island, Rockaway

Beach is the most attractive of all the nearby resorts and in some respects it is even more delightful than its famous neighbor. The boats are plying back and forth all day long and the trip by water is a most invigorating and pleasant one. To those who go to Rockaway by train the fishing stations on Jamaica Bay, just before reaching your destination, present a curious and rather perplexing puzzle of winding water ways, zig-zagging and crossing each other in an interminable maze. But the fishermen who frequent these perplexing waters know all the outs and ins, the deeps and shallows, the currents and eddies of this most strange fishing ground. The sensation of crossing this bay is peculiar. You wonder whether you are on land or water. Besides Rockaway Beach itself, where the crowds go, there is the beautiful Rockaway Park, a few miles farther west on the beach—a quiet and select place. And in the other direction there is the fashionable Far Rockaway with its incomparable stretch of sandy beach, and Arverne with its many fine residences.

For any one who likes a trolley ride through the country, a very pleasant way to return from Far Rockaway is to take the trolley car which starts from near the station and crosses the island to Jamaica. There the street car or elevated may be taken to New York. The trip this way consumes more than two hours, but is most enjoyable and gives the traveller a view of a very fine suburban part of Brooklyn and of the village of Jamaica, which already promises to become an important railroad centre for the Pennsylvania and Long Island systems. Jamaica itself is a residential section of Brooklyn, which is growing very fast and is building up with

handsome residences. From here car lines run to Flushing, Corona, College Point, and thence back to New York by Queensborough Bridge.

SANDY HOOK AND BACK

For a purely ocean trip nothing can surpass the sail to Sandy Hook and back. It matters not how the temperature may be on land, old ocean never fails to roll and toss and blow to anyone's heart's content. The swift and smart little steamers that ply between the city from the foot of Liberty Street to the Atlantic Highlands usually carry a full passenger list, and very many of them are New Yorkers, who are just taking an outing of a couple of hours to brace themselves for business for the rest of the day. Many of them do not leave the boat at Sandy Hook, but come right back. All they want is the ocean breezes and the invigorating effect of real deep sea sailing. And here it is to the Queen's taste. It is a trip which recreates a man, and all in a few hours. To those who have plenty of time, a walk along the shore or up on the bluff is very delightful. And from the landing, trains run to all the resorts on the Jersey Shore as far as Long Branch, Asbury Park and Ocean Grove. This is the favored route for the business man whose summer house is at one of these fashionable resorts and who makes the trip daily. During the summer months automobiles leave the landing on arrival of the boats for all of these points at very moderate rates, giving the tourist a splendid opportunity to view the beautiful landscape and admire the magnificent homes and estates all along the route.



